

OCT 16 1942

BRITAIN'S RAREST BREEDING BIRD (Illustrated)

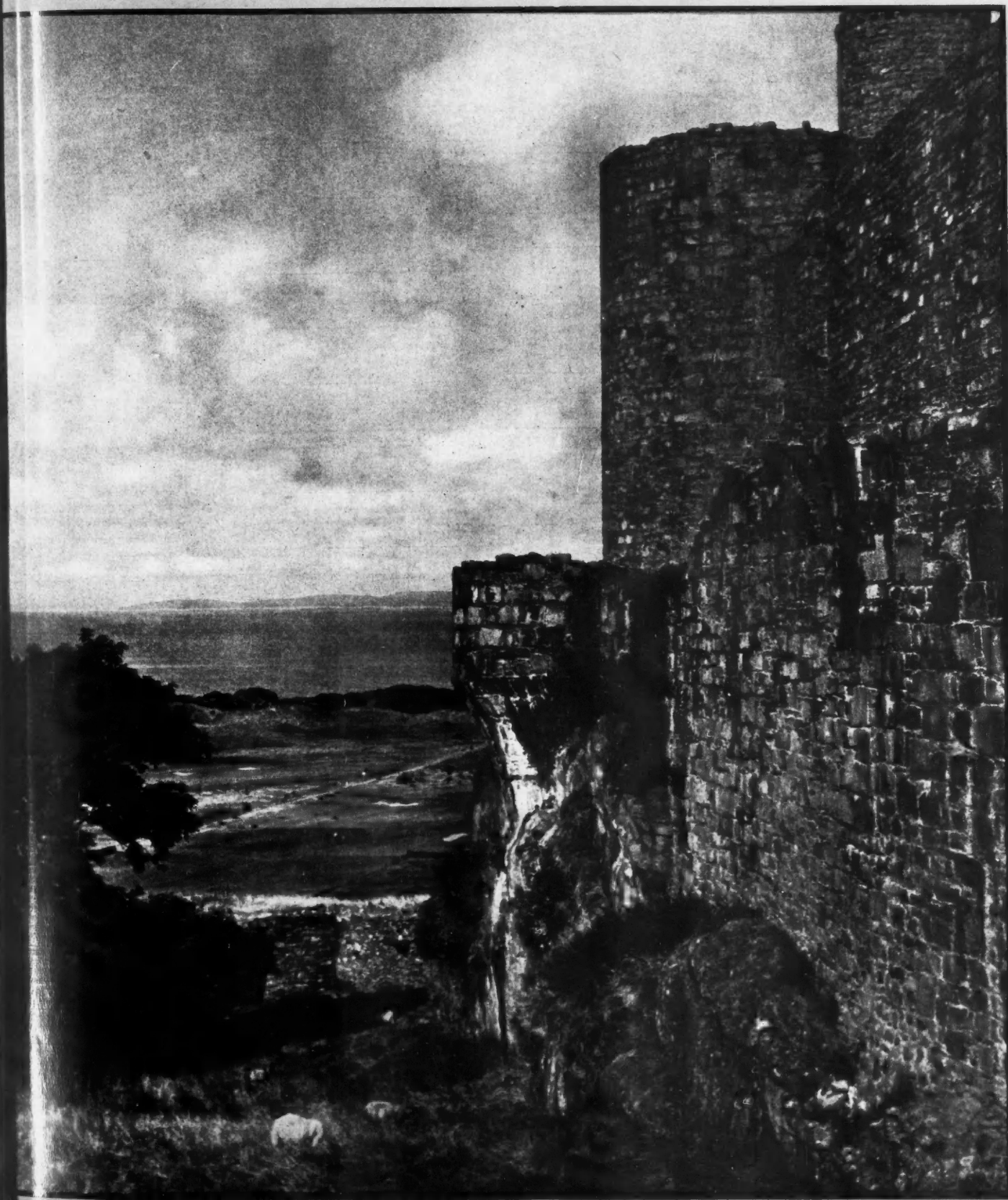
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# COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

SEPTEMBER 18, 1942

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



THE MORFA FROM HARLECH CASTLE, NORTH WALES

G. Bernard Wood





# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCII. No. 2383.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1942

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

*Order of the Mortgages.*

### BETWEEN PETERSFIELD AND GUILDFORD

About three-quarters of a mile of Trout Fishing in the River Wey.

Facing due South and standing about 300 ft. up on sandy soil, with good views, the early Georgian Style residence, which is built of stone and mellowed brick, with a tiled roof and leaded glass windows, is approached by a drive.

During the last few years many thousands of pounds have been expended upon the property and it is now in excellent order throughout, and has all up-to-date conveniences.

Entrance hall, suite of 4 reception, about 20 bedrooms and 9 bathrooms, games rooms.



Companies' electric light and water. Central heating. Telephone with extensions. Modern drainage.

Stabling. Garages. Squash court. 4 cottages. XIVth century barn.

The GARDENS and GROUNDS have been well maintained and include sloping lawns, formal garden, green grass tennis court, 2 grass tennis courts, orchard, spring-fed lake well stocked with coarse fish, wild garden, fruit and vegetable garden, grassland.

ABOUT 74 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE.

Further particulars of the Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (23,804)

## SOUTHERN SPUR OF THE CHILTERN

WONDERFUL POSITION 700 FEET UP, FACING SOUTH.

Huntercombe 3 miles, Henley 10 miles, Oxford 14 miles, London 50 miles.

Occupying an unrivalled position on the Crown of the Chilterns and commanding absolutely superb views over many miles, the TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE, with its well-proportioned gables, stone mullioned and transomed windows, is extremely well fitted and panelled in oak.

It has had many thousands of pounds expended upon it and is now in first-class order throughout.

Outer and inner halls, oak-panelled lounge, 3 other large and well-proportioned reception rooms, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms; 5 servants' bedrooms, and 5 bathrooms.

Central Heating. Electric Light. Telephone. Abundant Water Supply. Septic Tank Drainage System. Stabling and garages for several cars with rooms and bathroom over.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS are a feature of the property and include hard and grass tennis courts, Kitchen garden. SUPERIOR FARMHOUSE. 6 COTTAGES, all of which are in good order. Water is laid on to every field.

THE WHOLE PROPERTY EXTENDING TO

ABOUT 450 ACRES, ALL IN HAND. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Particulars of the Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (22,395)

## UNDER 50 MILES FROM LONDON

North-West Essex, close to the Suffolk Border

VACANT POSSESSION OF PRINCIPAL HOUSE AND ALL THE LAND

Occupying a high and secluded position facing south and overlooking a pretty valley, the Residence is one of the most perfect examples of its period.

It has been carefully restored and modernised, at great expense, with all conveniences, without losing its character.

Entrance hall, 2 reception rooms, billiards room, 7 bedrooms (4 with basins), bathroom.



Central heating. Electric light. Telephone. Abundant water supply. Septic tank drainage.

Stabling, garage for 3 cars. 2 secondary residences, bungalow, cottages. Sets of farm buildings.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS

are well timbered with specimen yew and other trees and include tennis court, fine swimming pool, well-stocked kitchen garden and glass, arable and pasture land.

ABOUT 280 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Further particulars of the Owner's Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (39,357)

Mayfair 3771  
(10 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:  
"Galleries, Wesdo, London."

Regent 0293

Regent 3377

Reading 4441

**NICHOLAS**

(Established 1882)

LAND AGENTS—AUCTIONEERS—VALUERS

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1; 1, STATION ROAD, READING

**ON THE CHILTERN. ABOVE HENLEY***Views for miles over the Thames Valley. Station ¾ mile.*

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

**MODERN  
LABOUR-SAVING  
HOUSE**

in excellent order. South-east aspect. 6 or 7 bedrooms, 1 dressing, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. All services. Garage. Inexpensive gardens. Hard court.

**2 ACRES****LOW RATES.****FOR SALE****A HAMPSHIRE FARM £6,500****277 ACRE ACCREDITED DAIRY AND CORN FARM****111 ACRES ARABLE**

Good house. Main electric light. Engine-pumped water. 3 cottages. MARKETS CONVENIENT. LIVE AND DEAD STOCK AT VALUATION. Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

**RURAL SUSSEX***Few miles from Tunbridge Wells.***£4,500 COMFORTABLE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**

with finely proportioned rooms. 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Lavatory basins. Central heating. Main electricity, gas and water. Servants' cottage. Garage. Stabling. Old-world gardens and paddocks.

**14 ACRES**

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

3, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1.**RALPH PAY & TAYLOR**Grosvenor  
1032-33**SOMERSET-DORSET BORDERS***Centre of Blackmore Vale country. Close to station and bus route.***FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE IN MINIATURE PARK**

LONG DRIVE APPROACH. ADMIRABLY PLANNED AND IN FAULTLESS ORDER THROUGHOUT.

4 reception rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 secondary bedrooms. Central heating throughout. Main electric light and water. Stabling. Garage. Delightful matured grounds.

**ABOUT 30 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. JUST IN MARKET.**  
Apply: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (11,997)

**ADJACENT TO EXTENSIVE SURREY COMMONLANDS***Main line station within 3 miles. 40 minutes rail.***THIS REALLY UNIQUE JACOBEOAN MANOR HOUSE**

OF WARM RED BRICK MELLOWED BY TIME. REMOTE BUT NOT ENTIRELY ISOLATED. LONG DRIVE APPROACH. Beautiful Period interior. Originally a Farmhouse, but now completely restored and modernised. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water. Electricity. Central heating. Garage. Stabling. Fine old barn. 2 cottages. Old-world gardens. Dovecote. Pond. Orchards, etc. Copse. Farmland (let off). In all nearly **40 ACRES. JUST IN THE SALE MARKET.** AS A WHOLE OR WITH GARDENS ONLY. Recommended personally by Sole Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,446)

Grosvenor 3121  
(3 lines)**WINKWORTH & CO.**

LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS, 48, CURZON ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

**LONDON ABOUT 35 MILES***1 mile from Station. 300 ft. up.***A MODERNISED FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE**

6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, domestic offices. Electric light. Central heating. Fitted basins (h. & c.). GARAGE. OUTBUILDINGS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, with Hard Tennis Court, Pond, Woodland, Pasture, Arable, etc.

**IN ALL 28 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE**

Agents: WINKWORTH &amp; Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

**WEST SUSSEX—DOWN COUNTRY****AN ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE**

10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.

Electric light. Central heating, etc. Garage for 2 cars.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD GROUNDS WITH KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

**TO LET FURNISHED AT A LOW RENT**

Highly recommended by the Agents: WINKWORTH &amp; Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.

**ABOUT 60 MILES WEST***Facourite Wiltshire Borders. On a large private estate. London about 1 hour.***A BEAUTIFUL PERIOD RESIDENCE**

skillfully fitted with every XXth Century comfort. 8 best bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, servants' rooms, hall and 4 reception rooms. Frigidaire, "Esse" cooker. Stabling. Garage and rooms. Hard court. Charming old grounds on estate of **110 ACRES.**

**TO BE LET FURNISHED**

Shooting. Riding. Golf 12 miles.

WINKWORTH &amp; Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.

**SURREY HILLS—620 FEET UP***Excellent train services.***A QUEEN ANNE HOUSE**

10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception and billiards rooms. MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. STABLES. GARAGE, FARMERY. TWO COTTAGES. Pleasure Grounds, etc., of **6 ACRES.**

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE, PRICE £5,500 OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED**

Agents: WINKWORTH &amp; Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.

**CHIPPENHAM 7 MILES***500 ft. above sea. Glorious views***ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE  
DATING FROM XVth CENTURY**

6 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms. Stabling. Garage. Gardens and Grounds with Kitchen garden. Tennis Court, Lily Pool, etc.

**IN ALL ABOUT 1 ACRE****FOR SALE AT £3,150**

Sole Agents: WINKWORTH &amp; Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.



# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

## WYE VALLEY. MONMOUTH, HEREF & GLOS BORDERS

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD.

WITH ABOUT 112 ACRES (VACANT POSSESSION.)



Occupying a fine position about 200 ft. above sea level. The Residence, built of local red sandstone with tiled roof, has recently been modernised, and is approached by a drive.

Entrance hall, 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Co.'s electricity. Ample private water. Modern drainage. Buildings. Garages. 2 Cottages.

Beautifully Timbered Pleasure Grounds, with lawns flower, fruit and vegetable gardens which are very fertile. The land is principally rich pasture, with some first-class arable, a large productive orchard in full bearing, and good oak woodlands.



Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (27,459)

## VACANT POSSESSION, FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE WILTS AND DORSET BORDERS

In a picturesque Village 10 miles from Salisbury.

THE RESIDENCE occupies a secluded and sheltered position about 300 ft. up on a rich soil, facing South and enjoying views. It stands about 100 yards back from a by-road. Hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms (5 with basins), 2 bathrooms.



Central heating. Company's electric light. Telephone. Well water supply. Septic tank drainage. 2 Garages. 3 Cottages.

THE GROUNDS, which are intersected by a stream, include undulating lawns, broad walks, herbaceous borders, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock.

ABOUT 4½ ACRES

Agents: Messrs. TYSER, GREENWOOD & CO., 386, Chiswick High Road, W.4; or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (33,409)

### BERKSHIRE

Occupying a pleasant situation.

#### ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT RED BRICK RESIDENCE

With tiled roof, erected 40 odd years ago in a Period style of architecture.

It faces South and stands in beautifully timbered grounds, and contains: Hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Companies' electric light, gas and water. Telephone. Modern drainage. Garage for 2 cars. Stabling with Cottage over.

THE GARDENS are a feature and well timbered with a variety of trees. They include Ornamental Lawns, Herbaceous Border, Woodland Walks, Kitchen Garden.

ABOUT 6½ ACRES. For Sale at a Reasonable Price.

Further particulars of the Sole Agents:

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (17,866)

### NEWMARKET

Occupying a pleasant position overlooking the Famous Training Grounds.

THE RESIDENCE is in good order and faces South-west. It contains: Hall, 5 reception rooms, 8 principal bedrooms, secondary and servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Squash rackets court.

Central heating. Electric light. Companies' gas and water. Telephone. Modern drainage. Stabling. Garage. 3 Cottages.

FINELY-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Well stocked kitchen garden.

ABOUT 6 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Further particulars of the Agents:

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (4358)

## HERTS—ADJOINING A GOLF COURSE

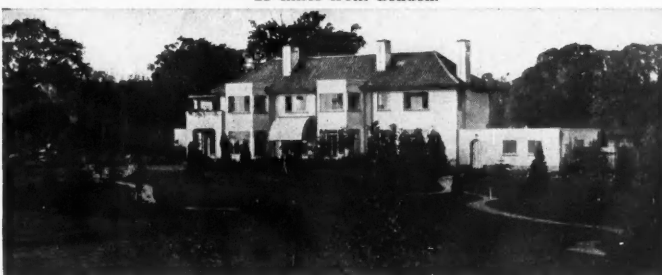
25 miles from London.

The MODERN BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE is situated 400 ft. up, facing South.

It stands about 150 ft. back from the road, and contains: Lounge, 2 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Companies' electricity, gas and water. Main drainage.

Garage for 2 cars.



Grass tennis court, rock garden waterfall, herbaceous borders, vegetable garden.

ABOUT 2½ ACRES

TO BE LET FURNISHED, OR MIGHT BE SOLD.

POSSESSION ON OCTOBER 1, 1942

Sole London Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (38,488)

### HEREFORDSHIRE

Salmon and Trout Fishing in River forming Southern Boundary

Stone-built Residence occupying a delightful situation on high ground with views over the Wye Valley.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, principal bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Central heating. Electric light. Ample water supply. Modern drainage.



Stabling. Garage. Farmery. Lodge and Cottage.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS, including: Rose garden, terrace, lawn and shrubberies, kitchen garden, parkland, riverside meadows and pasture orcharding.

ABOUT 40 OR 45 ACRES

Hunting with 3 packs. Golf.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. (A further 20 Acres could possibly be rented.)

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (21,958)

Payfair 3771 (10 lines.)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams: Galleries, Wesdo, London



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Selanlet, Picoy, London."



## A RESIDENCE OF MERIT SURREY, NEAR FARNHAM

*In delightful woodland surroundings. Quiet and secluded.*

### FASCINATING HOUSE WITH PERIOD FEATURES

- 8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
- 3 BATHROOMS.
- 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
- MODERN OFFICES.
- MAIN SERVICES.
- CENTRAL HEATING
- 2 GARAGES.



DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS WITH  
TENNIS LAWN.

IN ALL ABOUT 8 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500

PERSONALLY INSPECTED AND  
RECOMMENDED.

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD.,  
6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.  
(Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.50,970.)

### TO SCHOOLS, INSTITUTES AND OTHERS SEEKING A LARGE HOUSE GODALMING, SURREY

*In a high position with a fine view.*

#### FOR SALE A SPACIOUS STONE-BUILT HOUSE



3 large reception rooms,  
14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.  
Co.'s water, gas and electric  
light. Garage. Stabling  
and living rooms. Gardens  
and grounds. Prolific  
kitchen garden. Paddock.

In all about

5 1/2 ACRES

PRICE £4,200 FREEHOLD

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.31,418.)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19. (WIM. 0081.)

### BUCKS. A FASCINATING SMALL PROPERTY

*High situation commanding glorious views in all directions. Easy reach of Chesham and Tring, with good train service to London. Sporting district.*

#### PICTURESQUE SMALL RESIDENCE

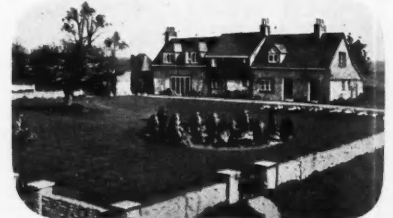
ORIGINALLY A FARMHOUSE WITH A WEALTH OF OLD OAK  
Hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms (2 with fitted basins), bathroom, good kitchen.  
Co.'s electric light, power and  
water. Modern drainage.  
Detached bungalow of 3 rooms,  
barn and outbuildings.  
Garage. Really attractive  
gardens, tennis lawn, paddock,  
also 45 Acres of pastureland,  
which is let off, making a total  
acreage of approximately

50 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD  
£6,500

An unusual opportunity to  
secure a unique Period Cot-  
tage in a favoured district.

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.42,092.)



## CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

### FOR SALE

**ESSEX FARMS FOR SALE, WITH  
VACANT POSSESSION.** Near the  
picturesque village of Finchfield. Patches  
Farm, 195 Acres, and Boyton Hall Farm,  
402 Acres. Both good corn-growing Farms  
with attractive XVth Century Houses,  
commodious buildings and several cottages.  
Full particulars from—Messrs. STRUTT  
and PARKER, Land Agents, 2, High Street,  
Chelmsford, or from Messrs. SURRIDGE AND  
SON, Auctioneers, Coggeshall, Essex.

**FOREST HILL, S.E.23.** Charming, modern,  
easily run House, standing in own grounds  
of 3/4 Acre, at healthy altitude. South aspect.  
Rural and secluded. Surrounded by trees,  
cannot be overlooked. 3 large reception,  
5 bedrooms. All modern amenities. Architect  
built. Delightful well-stocked garden.  
Price £3,000.—Box 144.

**HEREFORDSHIRE,** in one of England's  
most beautiful valleys. Choice small  
Grass and Woodland Estate, 96 1/2 ACRES.  
Cottage Residence. Outbuildings. Orchard.  
Valuable timber. FREEHOLD £2,500.  
Early possession.—WOODCOCK & SON,  
Ipswich.

**OXON.** High ground under mile Henley  
Station. For Sale or to Let Furnished  
for winter, very attractive Modern Country  
House. Hall, 3-4 reception, 2 bath, 6-7 bed-  
rooms. Central heating. Main electric light,  
water and gas. "Esse" cooker. Telephone.  
Charming grounds. HARD TENNIS COURT.  
Kitchen garden. Double garage, etc. 2 Acres.  
—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley  
Street, W.1. (21,237)

**OXON.** Delightful stone RESIDENCE  
of character on edge of Cotswolds, in  
unspoilt village. 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,  
3 reception rooms. Garage. Beautiful garden.  
2 small paddocks. In all 5 1/2 Acres. Main  
water and electricity. Immediate Possession.  
£6,500 FREEHOLD. Offers invited. Apply—  
E. J. BROOKS & SON, 14-15, Magdalen Street,  
Oxford.

**ROSS-ON-WYE (near).** Gentleman's  
Farm. Superior Stone Residence. 400 ft.  
up. Lovely views, 3 good reception, 6 bed,  
bath. Electric light. Pretty garden. Good  
buildings. 2 cottages. 100 Acres (45 grass,  
15 orcharding, 40 arable). Hunting, fishing,  
shooting. Present Owner 35 years. £6,000.  
Recommended—BENTALL, HORSLEY AND  
BALDREY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3  
(Tel.: KENS. 0152.)

### AUCTIONS

**FROME (close to)**  
**SMALL RESIDENTIAL FARM** about  
10 ACRES. Excellent House. All services.  
Vacant Possession. For Sale by Auction by  
—Cooper & Tanner, Ltd., Frome, on  
September 23 next. Full particulars from  
Auctioneers.

### TO LET FLATS AND CHAMBERS

**CHELSEA. THE GATEWAYS.** A quite  
unique group of Tudor-style non-basement  
houses, within two courtyards forming a  
delightful retreat in the heart of London.  
RENTALS FROM £165 TO £285 P.A.  
At the moment a few available.

Particulars of THE ESTATE OFFICE, Ludgate  
House, 3, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. (Central 0167)

**LONDON.** Best value in MODERN WEST  
END FLATS. Attractive short, war-time  
agreements. Modern fitted kitchens. Air-raid  
shelters, resident wardens. Steel-frame or  
reinforced concrete construction. 2 Under-  
ground Stations within 1 minute.

RENTS FROM £175 TO £500.  
**PRINCESS COURT, QUEEN'S COURT,  
QUEENSWAY, HYDE PARK, W.2.**  
Full details from the LETTING OFFICE,  
61, QUEENSWAY, W.2. BAYS. 1818.

### WANTED

**COUNTRY.** Would anyone having a  
Furnished Country House, which is too  
large for them, be willing to lend for a scheme  
of National Importance, to help Dominion  
Airmen? Greatest care taken. Shooting,  
fishing, a great asset. Please reply to the  
Secretary, EMPIRE SOCIETIES WAR  
HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE, 18, Heriot Row,  
Edinburgh.

**COUNTRY. A QUICK, ADVANTAGEOUS  
SALE** of your COUNTRY PROPERTY  
can be effected through the Specialists, F. L.  
MERCER & CO., 98 having changed hands  
through their agency during the past 3  
months, ranging in price from £2,000 to  
£15,000. Over 2,000 GENUINE PUR-  
CHASERS on their waiting list. Vendors are  
invited to send particulars to their Central  
Offices, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2481.

**LINCOLN.** Within 15 miles radius. Desire  
to Purchase with immediate Post-war  
Possession, Medium-sized House, with about  
30 Acres. Large walled kitchen garden great  
asset. Full particulars to—Box 153.

### HOTELS AND GUESTS

**BATH. BROCKHAM END HOTEL.** Wide  
view over Somerset and Gloucestershire.  
Squash, tennis, swimming, golf and walking  
in perfect country. English cooking at its  
best; central heating, h. and c. Luxurious  
beds. Garage.

**DULVERTON, SOMERSET.**  
**WOODCOTE HOTEL.**  
On the edge of Exmoor, and the border of  
Devon. As perfect a spot as you could hope  
to find for peaceful leave quarters. Hacking,  
hunting and walking amidst delectable  
scenery.  
From 4 1/2 zns. Tel.: Dulverton 129.

**EXETER. ROUGEMENT HOTEL**—the  
centre of Devon. All modern amenities  
and comforts. Rooms with bath and toilet,  
en suite.

**HAMPTON COURT.** Casino Hotel,  
London's loveliest river retreat; fully  
licensed; resident or otherwise. Terms 10/6  
and 12/6 B. & B. Tel.: Molesey 2080 and 2194.

**LLANOLLLEN. HAND HOTEL.** One  
of the best in North Wales. Magnificent  
scenery. Own Salmon Fishing in River Dee.  
H. and c. running water in all bedrooms.  
Tel.: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

**PETERBOROUGH, NORTHANTS.**  
**THE ANGEL HOTEL.**  
First-class family hotel, excellent position  
near Cathedral. Bedrooms fitted h. and c. and  
lavatory basins. EVERY CONVENIENCE,  
COMFORT, CONSIDERATION. Tel. 214111.

**SHROPSHIRE BORDERS. BISHOPS  
OFFLEY MANOR.** Charming, peaceful  
country. Own produce. Nr. Eccleshall,  
Stafford. Adbaston 247.

**WESTWARD HO. NORTHAM**  
"CLEVELANDS" (NORTH DEVON)  
Luxurious Country Club Hotel. Tel.:  
Northam 300.

**WINCHESTER. ROYAL HOTEL.** In  
old-world St. Peter Street. Leading  
family hotel. Running water. Central heating.  
Facing open gardens. Very quiet. Garage.  
Write for "C.L. Illustrated Tariff." Tel. 31.

WANTED—(contd.).

**25-40 MILES LONDON (within).** House  
to Rent (preferably unfurnished), 3 sitting  
rooms, not less than 6 bedrooms, 2 bath-  
rooms. Within reach of main line station.  
Up to 6 Acres. Garage and if possible out-  
buildings. Possession required October 15.  
—Lieut-General R. M. WEEKS, Fountain  
House, Park Street, W.1.

### ESTATE AGENTS

**BERKS, BUCKS AND OXON.**—GIBBYS,  
Maidenhead (Tel. 54). Windsor (Tel. 73).  
Slough (Tel. 20048). Sunningdale (Ascot 73).

**BERKS AND BORDERS OF ADJOINING  
COUNTIES,** especially concerned with the  
Sale of Country Houses and Estates.—Messrs.  
NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading, Tel. 4441.

**BERKSHIRE,** including Sunningdale, Ascot,  
Windsor districts.—Mrs. N. C. TURFELL,  
F.V.A., Auctioneer, Valuer, Surveyor, etc.,  
Sunninghill, Berks. Tel.: Ascot 818-819.

**BERKSHIRE. MARTIN & POLE,**  
READING, CAVERSHAM  
and WOKINGHAM.

**DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES.**—  
The only complete Illustrated Register  
(Price 2/6). Selected lists free.—RIPPOX,  
BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I., Exeter. (Est. 1884.)

**HAMPSHIRE AND SOUTHERN  
COUNTIES.**—22, Westwood Road,  
Southampton.—WALLER & KING, F.A.I.  
Business established over 100 years.

**LEICESTERSHIRE** and adjoining  
counties.—HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,  
Chartered Surveyors, Valuers and Agents,  
Market Harborough 2411.

**SHROPSHIRE,** border counties and North  
Wales for residences, farms, etc., write the  
Principal Agents—HALL, WATERIDGE & OWEN,  
LTD., Shrewsbury. Tel. 2081.

**SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD.**  
WORCS., etc., and MID WALES, apply  
leading Agents—CHAMBERLAIN & BROTHERS  
AND HARRISON, Shrewsbury. Tel. 2061.

**SUSSEX AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.**  
JARVIS & CO. of Haywards Heath, specialists  
in High Class Residences and Estates—many  
of which are solely in their hands. Tel. 700.

**SUFFOLK AND EASTERN COUNTIES.**  
WOODCOCK & SON, Estate Agents,  
Surveyors, Valuers and Auctioneers.  
SPECIALISTS IN COUNTRY PROPERTIES.  
Tel.: Ipswich 4334.

WANTED—(contd.).

**SOUTH or SOUTH-WEST,** not more than  
50 miles from London, in hilly, wooded  
district. Wanted. Large House with not less  
than 10 Acres Freehold, suitable for use as  
Country Club, with main road frontage.  
Write—BCM/DYNN, London, W.C.1.

**SUSSEX, SURREY, etc.** A. T. UNDER-  
WOOD AND CO., have many buyers waiting  
for properties. Estate Offices, Three Bridges,  
Sussex. (Crawley 528.)



Regent  
4304.

## OSBORN &amp; MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,  
PICCADILLY, W.1.

## ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDERS

In a beautiful country on the outskirts of a quiet village.

## A DELIGHTFUL OLD MANOR HOUSE

Principal Elizabethan, standing in charming well-timbered grounds.



Large hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

Electric light. Stabling. Garage.

Fine matured gardens, tennis court, orchard, paddock, etc., in all

## ABOUT 6½ ACRES

ONLY £2,750

Full details from OSBORN &amp; MERCER. (M.2244)

## 650 FT. UP ON SURREY HILLS

An Ideal Property for the London Business Man.

To be sold

## AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-PLANNED HOUSE OF CHARACTER

with 2/3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Company's services. Garage.

Delightful gardens with tennis and other lawns, flower gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, etc.

## ABOUT 1 ACRE

Agents: OSBORN &amp; MERCER.

(M.2275)

## BERKS, NEAR WILTS BORDER

Delightfully situated in a secluded position facing South and commanding extensive views.

## AN ATTRACTIVE

## MODERN COTTAGE RESIDENCE

with hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electricity and gas. Excellent water supply.

Garage and outbuildings.

Well timbered, ornamental gardens, kitchen garden, etc.

In all ABOUT 1 ACRE

Moderate Price for Early Sale.

Full details from OSBORN &amp; MERCER.

(M.2312)

## HENLEY-ON-THAMES

In a beautiful position on high ground with really delightful views.

## AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

Standing in well-timbered gardens and grounds.



With hall, 3/4 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating.

Garage and useful Outbuildings.

Lawns, Hard Tennis Court, well-stocked Fruit and Vegetable Garden, etc. In all about

## 2 ACRES

FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

Full details from: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,349)

5, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS &amp; HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

## SOMERSET

Near Ermoor, Quantocks and Brendon Hills.



**A SECLUDED RESIDENCE, PARTLY XVIII CENTURY.** Panelled lounge, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Company's electric light. Good water supply. Modern drainage. Stabling. Garage for 3. Cottage. Specimen trees, swimming pool, 2 tennis courts. Kitchen garden. **4 OR 36 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.** Particulars from: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,252)

## KENT

London 60 minutes' by train.



**A COMPLETELY MODERNISED HOUSE,** luxuriously fitted. 3 or 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Companies' electricity and water. Central heating. Garage for 4 and chauffeur's rooms. 2 excellent cottages. Secluded garden. Hard tennis court. Model farmery. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD INCLUDING FURNITURE AND ALL FITTINGS.** Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

## BUCKS

London 20 miles.



**A MODERN RESIDENCE OF ARCHITECTURAL MERIT.** Oak timbered, with old roof tiles, oak beams, mullions, doors and floors. 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Company's water. Electric light and power. Central heating. Garage. Natural grounds, inexpensive to maintain. **ABOUT 9 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.** Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

Mayfair 5411

## WOODCOCKS

30, ST. GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1

And at Ipswich.

AT THE FOOT OF THE  
QUANTOCKS

5 miles Bridgewater, 10 Taunton. In the Stag Hunting Country.

CHARMING XVIII CENTURY  
RESIDENCE

Contains: 3 reception rooms, 5 principal, 2 secondary bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Old oak panelling and beams. Own electricity. Main water.

OLD-WORLD GARDEN OF  
½ ACRE2 GARAGES. EARLY POSSESSION.  
ECONOMICAL UPKEEP.FREEHOLD WITH FURNITURE  
3,500 GUINEAS

(C.4135)

## NEAR SEVENOAKS

Delightfully rural yet only 17 miles London.

**ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE,** nearly 500 ACRES. Unpretentious inexpensive home with exquisite views. Modern conveniences and main services. Ample buildings. Cottages. Would make marvellous racecourse. COMBINES AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL FARM WITH ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES. FOR DEVELOPMENT AFTER THE WAR. Full details and price of Woodcocks, as above. (E.6299)

OVERLOOKING WYE VALLEY  
WITH TROUT FISHING

**HEREFORDSHIRE. UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL FRUIT GROWING AND MIXED FARMING ESTATE** of 436 ACRES, sloping down to the river. Delightful Residence with glorious views. Modern conveniences. 3 bathrooms. Excellent buildings. 7 cottages. Tithe free. A REALLY CHOICE RESIDENTIAL SPORTING AND FARMING PROPERTY. Full details and price of Woodcocks, as above. (E.6276)

## NORTHWOLD, NORFOLK

Easy reach Downham Market and Kings Lynn.  
In the centre of a famous Shooting area.AN ATTRACTIVELY SITUATED  
GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Comprising: 3 reception rooms, hall or billiards room, 4 principal bedrooms, maids' bedroom, bathroom, h. &amp; c. Main electricity and water available. Grounds including well laid out walled garden, with valuable timber and building sites extend in all to nearly

## 2½ ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD, INCLUDING  
TENANT'S FIXTURES, ONLY  
£2,800FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS WOULD  
BE SOLD IF REQUIRED. (C.4132)OTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1.  
(Euston 7000).

## MAPLE &amp; Co., LTD.

Also at  
5, GRAFTON ST.,  
MAYFAIR, W.1.Regent  
4685LOVELY PART OF SURREY  
A CHARMING XVIII CENTURY  
OAK-TIMBERED AND BRICK  
COTTAGE

with modern conveniences.

Lounge, drawing room, dining room, 4 bedrooms, large bathroom, modern kitchen. Main electricity.

## CHARMING GARDEN OF ½ ACRE

Garage, etc.

## PRICE £3,650.

Agents: MAPLE &amp; Co., as above.

## SURREY

Between Epsom and Leatherhead.

## FOR SALE—PRICE £3,500.

A SPECIALLY BUILT HOUSE  
having oak floors, fitted basins in bedrooms,  
etc.

Hall, dining room, drawing room (20 ft. by 13 ft.), 5 bedrooms, fine bathroom. Electric light. Central heating (12 radiators). Large garage.

VERY ATTRACTIVE GARDEN.

Agents: MAPLE &amp; Co., as above.

## VALUATIONS

FURNITURE and EFFECTS  
valued for Insurance, Probate, etc.

## FURNITURE SALES

Conducted in Town and Country

APPLY—MAPLE & CO., 5, GRAFTON  
STREET, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

Grosvenor 1553  
(4 lines)

## GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)  
25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria St.,  
Westminster, S.W.1

FOR SALE BY EXECUTORS.

### ONE OF THE CHOICEST SMALL ESTATES AT PRESENT ON THE MARKET

In an entirely rural situation yet only 20 miles from London.



Approached through a well-wooded park by two long drives, one with lodge entrance, the Residence, which is built on the site of an old Priory, contains: Large entrance hall (panelled in oak), 3 reception rooms (1 with old oak-panelled walls), 14 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices. Central heating. Main electric light. Telephone. Excellent water and drainage. Garages. Stabling. Very useful outbuildings, fine Gardens, beautiful Rock Garden and Lake.

2 FARMS, each with Farmhouse (Let).

8 COTTAGES. In all

ABOUT 370 ACRES



FOR SALE FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE, ETC.

Inspected and confidently recommended by the Sole Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 15, Mount Street, London, W.2.

(A.4173)



## JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1

MAYFAIR 3310/7.

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON. LEEDS AND YEOVIL.

By Direction of the Exors. of the late Commander A. H. Walsh.

### THE MANOR HOUSE, PURTON, WILTS

Main line G.W.R. Station 1 mile. Stroud Junction 4 miles.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT SALE OF VALUABLE ANTIQUE AND OTHER FURNITURE AND EFFECTS

including:

Rare William and Mary Chairs and Settee, Italian Coffin, Stuart Chairs, Louis XV Bombe-shaped Chest and Louis XV Candelabra, Jacobean Chairs, Queen Anne Mirror, Axminster and other Carpets, Bureaux, Writing and other Tables, Pianoforte by Broadwood, Settee, Easy and other Chairs, Oil Paintings, Engravings and Pictures, Books, Curtains, Bedsteads and Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture, Plated Goods, Glass and Kitchen Effects, and numerous other items.

Which Messrs. JACKSON STOPS (having sold the Property) will SELL BY AUCTION on the Premises on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, commencing at 11.30 a.m.

View day: Monday, September 28, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., by Catalogue only.

Catalogues of the Auctioneers (7 days prior to the sale only), price 6d. each.

Auctioneer's Offices: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS, Old Council Chambers, Cirencester, and as above. Solicitors: Messrs. H. BEEVER & SONS, Wootton Bassett, Wilts.

### ONE OF THE PRETTIEST POSITIONS ON THE THAMES

7 miles Reading. ½ minute Station.



#### CHARMING RESIDENCE

With 2-3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Main electricity. Water pumped by electricity. Large garage. Outbuildings.

RIVER FRONTAGE AND PRIVATE LANDING. BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS. TENNIS COURT. LAWNS. KITCHEN GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

1 ¾ ACRES

PRICE £5,000 FREEHOLD

Particulars: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, as above.

### ONE OF THE FINEST ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCES IN THE HOME COUNTIES

7 miles East Grinstead. 26 miles London.

LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED AND PERFECTLY MODERNISED HOME

YET ENJOYING ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ITS PERIOD.

3 reception rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, 7 secondary bedrooms (could be shut off if desired), 5 bathrooms. Main electric light and water.

GARAGE FOR 4-5 CARS (and chauffeur's quarters).

En-tout-cas Tennis Court. Swimming Pool. Putting Green.

Magnificent grounds of indescribable beauty. Heated greenhouses and frames. Fully stocked kitchen garden and orchard.

ABOUT 12 ACRES

PRICE £10,000 FREEHOLD

Particulars: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1. (Tel.: May. 3316.)

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES  
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1. REGENT 2481

### HENLEY-ON-THAMES

Beautiful situation on the hills, under a mile from station and shops, close to bus route.

#### EXQUISITE COUNTRY RESIDENCE



6 bedrooms, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. 2 garages. Charming gardens.

2 ACRES

with hard tennis court.

FREEHOLD  
£6,500

OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

(IMMEDIATE POSSESSION)

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### BEST PART OF SURBITON

20 minutes Waterloo.

In a pretty woodland setting. Built 1936 and luxuriously appointed. Square hall and cloakroom, 2 large reception, loggia, maids' sitting room, 5 bedrooms (fitted basins in 2), 2 tiled bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Garage. Well-laid-out garden, 250 ft. by 67 ft.

FREEHOLD £4,000

ALL OR PART OF FURNITURE WOULD BE SOLD.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### WILTS AND SOMERSET BORDERS

Beautiful situation on outskirts of favourite town.

#### ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

5 bedrooms. 2 reception, maids' sitting room, bathroom. Central heating. Main services. Garage for 2. Workshop. Well-stocked gardens. Walled kitchen garden.

ABOUT 1 ½ ACRES £2,650

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

## TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861.

Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

### WORCESTER 4 MILES

In pretty village with bus service.

FOR SALE, CHARMING OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE. Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, dressing room. Main electric light. Telephone. Main drainage. Garage for 2. Stables for 3. Outbuildings. MOST ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS. Excellent kitchen garden, fruit wall, orchard, etc. 3 ACRES. Inspected and highly recommended by Sole Agents: TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (14,865)

11 MILES READING

5,000 GUINEAS

Accessible but rural situation.

WELL-BUILT AND COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOUSE. 3-4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 8 bedrooms (fitted h. & c.). Main services. Central heating. Telephone. All in excellent order. Garage. Stabling. Inexpensive gardens, orchard and pasture. 15 ACRES. Further 2 Acres and cottage available. Inspected and highly recommended by: TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (4943)

## BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

184, BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.3. KEN. 0152-3

### SALISBURY AND DEVIZES (BETWEEN)



Charming position on the outskirts of a pretty village.

#### STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

In excellent order, recently entirely redecorated. 3 reception, 6/7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electric light and water. Inexpensive gardens. Cottage. Barns and outbuildings.

20 ACRES ONLY £4,500

Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3.



Telegrams :  
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo,  
London."

# JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Mayfair 6341  
(10 lines).

## 'TWIXT THE DOWNS AND THE SEA

*In lovely rural country just east of Battle, intersected by fertile valleys, rich hoplands, large and small woodlands, meadows and pastures, where dairy cows do remarkably well.*

AS A WHOLE OR IN LOTS

WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE MAJORITY

## THE COGHURST ESTATE

comprising COGHURST HALL, with 5 reception, 14 bedrooms and 5 bathrooms, in BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS with CHAIN of LAKES and ABOUT 39 ACRES, together with

### 9 DAIRYING AND MIXED FARMS

FROM 231 ACRES TO 63 ACRES, ATTRACTIVE HOUSES, SOME HOPLANDS, 3 MODERN HOUSES, 5 COTTAGES, MARKET GARDEN LAND, PARKLAND, WOODSITES AND BEAUTIFUL BUILDING SITES.

### IN ALL ABOUT 1,665 ACRES

Will be offered by AUCTION IN LOTS (if not previously sold privately) by  
JOHN D. WOOD & CO., and R. C. KNIGHT AND SONS.

Land Agent : Mr. F. W. WESTON, Estate Office, Westfield Lane, Baldslo, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Solicitors : Messrs. ELLISON & Co., 6, Petty Cury, Cambridge. Auctioneers' Offices : Messrs. R. C. KNIGHT & SONS, Norwich Union Buildings, Downing Street, Cambridge and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Exeter  
2086

## J. & H. DREW

F.S.I., F.L.A.S.  
29, BARNFIELD RD., EXETER

Telegrams:  
Drews, Exeter.

## SOUTH DEVON

*Adjoining the important town of Newton Abbot and stretching almost to Torquay.*

### THE RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING, AGRICULTURAL AND MARKET GARDENING PROPERTIES

WELL KNOWN AS

### THE HACCOMBE ESTATE



VIEW OF HACCOMBE HOUSE.

Comprising: FIVE REDLAND FARMS, several Smallholdings, Market Garden and Accommodation Lands, the Lodge and 20 Cottages, the well-preserved Mansion House and Parklands, a productive Quarry, Sites adjoining Newton Abbot and Main Road Frontages of potential building value, the greater part of the Celebrated Old-world Devon Village of Coffinswell, and the valuable Standing Timber, extending in all to about

### 1,800 ACRES

THE ENTIRE PROPERTY WILL FIRST BE OFFERED AS A WHOLE, AND, IF NOT SO SOLD, THEN IT WILL BE OFFERED AS LOTTED.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately),  
on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1942, at 1 p.m., at the  
COMMERCIAL HOTEL, NEWTON ABBOT.

Auctioneers : J. & H. DREW, F.S.I., F.L.A.S., Chartered Surveyors, 29, Barnfield Road, Exeter. Solicitors : Messrs. EASTLEY & Co., The Manor Office, Paignton.

23, MOUNT ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

## WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor  
1441.

### OLD WORLD HOUSE. HOME FARM. 70 ACRES

40 minutes south of London.



Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

In excellent order.  
8 bed (fitted basins),  
3 baths, 3 reception.  
Main electricity and water.

Central heating.

Fine oak beams.

Capital farmery.

2 cottages.

Attractive gardens.

**FOR SALE  
WITH  
POSSESSION**

### BETWEEN HASLEMERE AND MIDHURST

600 ft. up. Beautiful views. 1 hour London.

### PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE OF SINGULAR CHARM

With every convenience. 13 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, fine hall and 4 reception. Garages. 3 modern cottages. In a lovely woodland setting.

Delightful gardens with hard court and swimming pool.

**FOR SALE  
WITH  
40 ACRES**



Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.



29, Fleet St.,  
(Central 9344) E.C.4

## FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS

Telegrams: FAREBROTHER, LONDON

26, Dover St.,  
(Regent 5681) W.1



### A MOATED MANOR IN THE HEART OF THE N. DOWNS



VIEW FROM GARDEN (XVIII CENTURY)

4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms,  
3 bathrooms.

GARAGES. STABLING.

CENTRAL HEATING.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CHARMING GARDENS.

**TO BE LET FURNISHED**



VIEW FROM DRIVE (XVIII CENTURY)

Further particulars from: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover Street, W.1.

Folio: C.F. 1125

OXFORD  
4637/8.

## JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD & CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING  
NORTON  
39

### FRESH IN THE MARKET

### BUCKS—OXON BORDERS

In a peaceful situation in that Rural but Accessible Triangle formed by Aylesbury, Princes Risborough and Oxford.

### A DIGNIFIED STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE STANDING IN BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

4/5 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electric light. Good water supply. Modern drainage. Telephone. Ample stabling, including very fine old oak-framed barn. 2 garages. Matured gardens and grounds, together with productive kitchen garden, orchard and 3 rich grass paddocks, the whole extending to approximately 16 ACRES.

### FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY VACANT POSSESSION

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

### A BEAUTIFUL XIVTH CENTURY STONE-BUILT COTSWOLD VILLAGE RESIDENCE

Oxford 11 miles.

17½ YEARS' UNFURNISHED LEASE FOR DISPOSAL.

4 reception rooms, servants' hall, 6 bedrooms, 3 excellent attics, 2 bathrooms. Stone-walled, concrete-floored barn fitted electric light. Main electric light and water (1,200 gallons soft water storage). Stone-built gardener's cottage (reserved gardener, services of wife available). 4 ACRES of lovely old grounds with distant views; also 24 ACRES OF OAK-STUDDED GRAZING, sub-let at £38 p.a. Stabling and garages. RENT £238 PER ANNUM. Premium (to include many removable tenants' fixtures and fittings), £1,312 10s. 0d.

Strongly recommended by Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

### SUFFOLK

A DELIGHTFUL RESTORED ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE. 3/4 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light. Stabling and garage. About 6½ ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £2,750

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

### OXON-BUCKS-NORTHANTS BORDERS

OLD-WORLD BRICK-BUILT AND THATCHED FARMHOUSE. Main electric light and water. Pleasure and kitchen gardens. Stabling and farm buildings. ALSO 18½ ACRES OF RICH PASTURE LAND.

PRICE FREEHOLD £2,500

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

SEPTEMBER 24th, 25th, 29th, 30th, OCTOBER 1st, 2nd, 8th, 9th  
By Order of the Exors. of Lord Glanely, D.L., J.P., LL.D., decd.

### EXNING HOUSE, NEWMARKET

SALE OF THE

### FURNISHINGS OF THE MANSION

Including: Chippendale, Sheraton and Louis XVI Furniture, Old Porcelain, Crown Derby, Worcester, Delft, Sevres and Chelsea Dinner, Tea and Coffee Services; Vases and Plates, a Unique Collection of 150 Tobys and Toby Jugs; a Large Quantity of Persian, Indian and Chinese Carpets; about 5,500 ozs. of ANTIQUE and MODERN SILVER, including 5 James I Apostle Spoons, Silver Models of Ships; Table Suites of Cut Glass; Bedroom Appointments and Linen.

View Friday, September 18, 1942, 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Illustrated Catalogues 2s. each.

Of the Auctioneers: Messrs. GRAY, SON & COOK, 29, St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge (Tel. 4455); co-operating with Messrs. BIDWELL & SONS, Cambridge, and BERNARD C. PRIEST, Esq., F.S.I., Exning House Estate Office, Exning.

### NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND

FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION (unless previously disposed of privately)  
THE HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD, RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

KNOWN AS

### "PAWSTON"

and comprising a MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENCE and GARDENS, an ORNAMENTAL LAKE of about 13 Acres, and the DESIRABLE FARM of "PAWSTON," with FARMHOUSE and ADEQUATE BUILDINGS, and about 1,910 ACRES OF ARABLE and PASTURE LAND and PLANTATIONS.

With VACANT POSSESSION on MAY 13, 1943.

To be offered for SALE by PUBLIC AUCTION (under Conditions which will then be read) by Messrs. A. THOMPSON & SON, within the COMMON EXCHANGE, BERWICK-ON-TWEED, on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1942, at 3 p.m.

Particulars on application to: Messrs. SEPTIMUS G. WARD & ROSE, Solicitors, Clay Chambers, 61, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, or the Auctioneers, Auction Office, Wooler, Northumberland.



ESTATE

HARRODS

OFFICES

Kensington 1490.

Telegrams:

"Estate, Harrods, London"

KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOUSE

62/64, BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet  
and Haslemere  
Offices

## SURREY

c.4

35 minutes train journey to London. 1 mile Station.



## A PARTICULARLY BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL RESIDENCE

With lounge hall, 2 or 3 large reception rooms (with parquet flooring), 5 or 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices.

All company's mains. Garage. Useful outbuildings.

WELL-WOODED GROUNDS WITH LAWNS, WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN, FRUIT TREES. IN ALL

1 ACRE

ONLY £4,000 OR NEAR OFFER

Recommended as something unique by: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1 (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

## SUSSEX

c.4

Under 1 hour London.



## SMALL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Company's water. Modern drainage. Garage for 2 cars.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS with full-size tennis court, apple orchard, small paddock.

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES

ONLY £4,250 FREEHOLD

IN SPLENDID ORDER, RECENTLY THE SUBJECT OF SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF POUNDS EXPENDITURE.

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

## NEAR FAMOUS SURREY DOWNS c.2

On high ground close to common and golf links, and about 30 minutes of Toen.



## MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Lounge, dining room, 6 bed and dressing rooms, tiled bathroom. Electric light and main services. Garage 2 cars.

WELL LAID OUT GARDENS. TENNIS LAWN. MATURED ORCHARD KITCHEN GARDEN.

LOW PRICE FREEHOLD

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

ARTISTRY AND CHARM.

## THREE BRIDGES &amp; EAST GRINSTEAD c.2

6 minutes' walk station, with direct trains to London Bridge. 450 ft. up on a picked site. Fine views to the South.



## LOVELY LITTLE HOUSE

OF SPECIAL DESIGN AND DECORATIVE MERIT.

3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Main water, drainage, and electricity for lighting and cooking.

BRICK-BUILT GARAGE. DELIGHTFUL GARDENS OF ABOUT

1 ACRE

FREEHOLD £3,000

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

## SURREY HILLS

c.3

600 ft. above sea level. A beautiful and healthy situation with exquisite views. Only about 17 miles by road from London, also accessible to three stations.



## WELL-APPOINTED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Modern conveniences. Garages and useful outbuildings. Well-matured grounds. Hard tennis court. Rose beds. Kitchen garden. Fruit trees. In all about

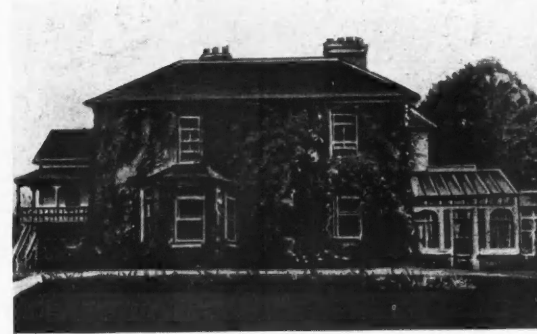
3 ACRES

FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

Inspected and recommended by: HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

## IN BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST c.3

Situated in a small village, with frequent bus service, about 6 miles from Lyndhurst.



## SUBSTANTIAL HOUSE OF THE GEORGIAN TYPE

3 reception, billiards room, 5 bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 3 secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room.

Excellent water. Acetylene gas. Central heating. Garage. Stables. Outbuildings. 2 cottages.

VERY ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS. 2 WALLED KITCHEN GARDENS, ORCHARD AND PASTURE. In all about

22 ACRES. FREEHOLD £4,500.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCII. No. 2383

SEPTEMBER 18, 1942



*Harlip*

## MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT

Miss Gilliat, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliat, of 3, Stanhope Place, W.2, is to be married on September 29 at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Sir Richard Sykes, Bt., The Green Howards, of Sledmere, Yorkshire



# COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE UTHWATT REPORT

THE publication of the Final Report of Mr. Justice Uthwatt's Committee on Compensation and Betterment means that the Government and the public have now in their hands a series of practical proposals, drawn up by well-qualified experts, which—if adopted—will not only serve to prevent the task of post-war reconstruction being jeopardised in advance, but will provide a well-thought-out basis for immediate legislative action. The town-planning Acts of the past have lamentably failed to achieve even their limited aims. The local and largely restrictive "planning" of the past must give way to an active long-term development carried out on a national scale. The system which the Uthwatt Committee regard as necessary for the future, and which they have assumed as the basis of their recommendations, is one of national planning with a high degree of initiative and control vested in a Central Planning Authority which will have national as well as local considerations in mind; will base its action on social and economic facts affecting the use and development of land; and will have the full backing of the nation's financial resources so far as they are necessary. Obviously no such Planning Authority to-day exists. Obvious, too, that the very word "planning" itself has, in the Uthwatt Report, a meaning unknown to existing legislation!

### Compensation Problem

THE ineffectiveness of the restrictive planning legislation of the past has been largely due to the basic difficulty of assessing compensation to the individual owner of land who suffers by comprehensive limitations placed upon his rights of ownership or by the actual loss of those rights. In theory, compensation and betterment should balance each other. Planning control may reduce the value of a particular piece of land, but over the country as a whole there is no loss. The Uthwatt Committee, however, are convinced that within the framework of the existing system of land ownership it is impossible to devise any scheme for making the principle of balance effective. How is this to be done? During the past few years unification by private pooling schemes has been suggested. Ownership within specified areas could be surrendered to a corporation in exchange for shares representing the value of their interest. Such a pooling system would extend to land ownership and management the same rationalisation and concentration which has in recent times completely reorganised many industries. The pooling schemes which the Uthwatt Committee considered are those on the largest scale which contemplate the ownership of very considerable tracts with

a view to proper planning and solving the compensation-betterment problem. The logical answer they give to such proposals is that, as shifts of value are on a national scale, the pooling of ownership must logically result in a single pool comprising the whole of the land of the country—i.e. nationalisation, the very thing which pooling is designed to avoid. As for nationalisation it is, as a matter of general policy, outside the Committee's terms of reference, but they regard it as impracticable as an immediate measure and reject it on that ground alone. Political controversy would cause delay, and the financial operations involved might be entirely out of the question.

### Development Rights

THE proposal which the Uthwatt Committee themselves make for dealing with all land outside built-up areas was originally put before the Barlow Commission, though not adopted by them. It is that rights of development in all such land should be immediately vested in the State on payment of fair compensation. Development without the consent of the State would be prohibited; when the land was wanted for public purposes or approved development it would be purchased by the State and in the case of private development would be leased to the person or body concerned. Until the land itself is wanted for purposes of development the owner remains in possession and control, save only that he may not develop. The occupier of a house and garden or park which falls within the scheme will remain free to use his property for all the purposes of his residence and will be practically in the same position as if he had agreed to keep his garden or park as a private open space. His powers of selling, mortgaging or leasing his property will remain undisturbed. The Committee exclude from the scheme plots of one acre or less. They do not attempt to lay down the amount of the General Compensation Fund necessary to cover the purchase of development rights. The sum of £400,000,000 appears in the Barlow Report as an "intelligent guess" of the value in 1938 of the development rights in undeveloped land, but that includes the values in town areas. To some extent the compensation payable to an individual will depend on the figure arrived at for the total development value of unbuilt-on land. An analogy may be seen here (and is mentioned, though not pursued, in the Report) to the provisions for the acquisition of coal royalties.

### Developed Land

FOR building areas the Committee's method of approach is to confer on the planning authority compulsory powers of purchase much wider and simpler in operation than those at present existing. So far as "Reconstruction areas" are concerned they recommend that the planning authority should be empowered to purchase the whole area. Once purchased it should be disposed of by way of lease only and not by way of sale. It is essential that the land should not again be divided among owners of small freeholds. As for the work of re-building, the Committee anticipate that much of it will be carried out by private enterprise, and they suggest that land should be made available to developers for approved development in accordance with the plan. The present methods of compulsory acquisition are Private Act, Provisional Order and Ministerial Order. Procedure by Provisional Order involves multifarious notices to an unlimited number of people "interested," a local public enquiry, and confirmation by Act of Parliament. Procedure by Ministerial Order is less dilatory and cumbersome in that it does not require confirmation by Parliament.

The Committee would simplify things by holding no public enquiry unless the Central Planning Authority should think it desirable and by similarly cutting down the number of individual notices. There is no doubt that if the numerous simplifications urged by the Committee were adopted by the Government, the effect would be enormously to strengthen the power of planning authorities. The recommendations with regard to the assessment of compensation on acquisition of land and for "injurious affection" are thorough and should

be equitable. They include the interesting suggestion that "non-conforming" buildings should be given a fixed life and that any compensation required before they are due to expire should be calculated on their expectation of life. The proposals with regard to the finance of all such compensation and especially that for a levy on increases in site values will of course need further careful consideration.

### THE RESTORATION OF SNUGNESS

IT is possible that a shortage of fuel in the coming winter will make us less eager for fresh air and send us back to the cosiness of our ancestors which we are apt impiously to term stuffiness. We may, for instance, once more surround our beds with curtains, those curtains through which Mr. Pickwick peeped cautiously at the elderly maiden lady when he made that unfortunate mistake as to his room in the Great White Horse. To some of us who have never ceased mutely to protest against the extravagances of the open-window school there is something comfortable in the notion. The warming-pan will hardly come into its kingdom again at the expense of the usurping hot-water bottle; but we may return to the snakes or sausages or sand-bags—call them what you will as long as they are of the traditional red colour—which lay along window-frames or the bottoms of doors to keep out the deadly draught. There are screens, too, which once served the same purpose. Screens seem to concentrate the warmth of the fire and reduce the room to a snug smallness. Deep in the Englishman's heart is a taste for, in Mr. Chesterton's fine phrase, "making merry in the belly of a fort," and this winter he will more than ever desire to make his house his castle against the wind and the cold. He may even resume the nightcap, but that is perhaps too consciously archaic.

### MEDWAY BARGES

*LINED with barge-skeletons the mud-banks are,  
Old rotten timbers spear the air; a spar  
Creaks on a swaying mast and tells the hours  
To all the marshy flowers.*

*The rippling tide creeps round the reed-wrapped  
strakes,*

*And all the while a hollow lapping makes  
About, around the planks of these old wrecks,  
Which are no longer decks.*

*The barges here can never sail again,  
Deep laden with their tons of golden grain;  
Remembering their glorious days they lie  
And watch the other barges sailing by  
On vast brown wings, as light as gossamer—  
As bright as they once were.*

JAMES COLDWELL.

### UTILITY

UTILITY, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, means "the fact, character or quality of being useful or serviceable." We humbly agree, and when we talk, with a sensible shrinking, of utility clothes, we mean that they are serviceable, "with nothing at all for show," as opposed to garments which are primarily smart or fashionable. But this word is rapidly outstripping its utility and becoming corrupted, for what, we ask, is meant by the advertisement of "Utility Christmas Cards"? A robin in a frosted churchyard can be a thing of beauty, but he can hardly be useful, unless indeed there is a diary on his back or a place for noting down business engagements. The only distinct impression left on our minds is that he will probably be a cheap and nasty robin, that the frost will not sparkle and the red of the sunset will be anæmic. And, *à propos*, if we can't pay for them, Mr. Dalton is going to allow us to buy a limited quantity of non-utility suits, but subject to the alarming condition that the non-utility suits must comply with the austere specifications." In other words, the trousers will not be permitted to turn up, the number of pockets will be strictly rationed, and the jacket must be, as our tailor used to call it in his bill, S.B. That language is, we fear, dormant. As long as the war lasts we shall never again acquire "1 pr. super-fine angola pants," and our greatcoat will be only a greatcoat and not a "blue Elysian Chesterfield." It was not perhaps a utility language but it was a very beautiful one.

# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

His articles on Stanton FitzWarren (August 14) Mr. Christopher Hussey mentions that the various occupants of his house left a happy spirit behind them. It is not clear if Mr. Hussey uses the phrase to emphasise that the general lay-out of the building and grounds is pleasing to the eye, or whether he means that there is actually an atmosphere of happiness about the place owing to it having been tenanted in the past by contented and happy people.

Without being psychic in any way I have a suspicion that there is something in this, and though I do not believe in ghosts and hauntings, I do hold the view that people impart to and leave behind a spirit or atmosphere in a house that remains long after they have gone.

Many years ago I rented a house for two years and apparently everything about it was delightful. It faced due south; it looked over the open downs to the sea; the rooms were lofty and bright, and the garden, though neglected, had its old-world charm and great possibilities. After we had been in it for a few months, we felt that there was something very much wrong with it, for both my wife and I suffered from the most unaccountable fits of depression, which weighed us down with mysterious sorrow, and this is unusual in the early thirties. It was our dogs, however, who convinced us there was something uncanny about the place, for they were obviously uneasy at all times, and at night were afraid to budge away from the circle of light thrown by the hall lamp on the lawn. They were a tough, hard-hunting quartet of Scotties and Irish terriers, scared of nothing normally, but their general behaviour at night with raised hackles and muttered growls was such that we expected to hear mysterious footsteps overhead, the clanking of chains, and all the other manifestations of a haunted house. Actually we saw and heard nothing, but felt always weighed down with misery.

\* \* \*

THEN followed ill-health, extremely serious in my wife's case, and when the last war rooted us out of the place before our tenancy was up we left it with no regrets whatsoever. We heard afterwards that it had a most depressing record of death and disaster; the first owner, the builder, had hanged himself in the spinney in front in the year of Waterloo, there had been another suicide later, and, according to the local inhabitants, a death had occurred in it every 12 months when occupied. The last time I saw the house, a few years ago, I happened to pass it on the day when there was a sale in progress owing to the sudden death of its owner, so the place appears to live up to its reputation.

The matter-of-fact mind will no doubt attribute the ill-health and depression attending occupancy to bad water, inefficient sanitation, or some equally mundane cause, and the dog's uneasiness to the roamings of nocturnal baggers. I believed, and still believe, that an atmosphere of sadness and misery hung over the house, and that it would require a most phlegmatic and unresponsive nature to withstand its unhappy influence.

\* \* \*

A PLACE which affects many people with a feeling of acute depression mingled with awe is Petra, the old city of the Nabateans,



Honor Balfour

SUN ON OLD THATCH: COTTAGES AT BABLOCK HYTHE, OXFORDSHIRE

which lies hidden in a gorge in the Trans-Jordan mountains. It is a weird and unusual spot, as it consists of two narrow valleys with huge temples, tombs and public offices carved out of the natural rock of the cliffs which fall away sheer to the lower level. The entrance to it is by means of a mile-long natural passage cut through the heart of a mountain by a small stream, and one walks or rides down this almost subterranean path with the sky just showing through a narrow slit in the rocks some 200 ft. overhead. At the end the valley opens out suddenly, and one sees in front—to one's astonishment, however much one has heard of it before—a vast columnated temple of rose pink stone.

Those people who possess the true sight-seer's zest for visiting recognised show places become so excited at being in this famous and very inaccessible spot, which was lost to the outer world for some 1,300 years, that they are unable to register any other reactions but that particular exhilaration the sight-seer experiences, which is something to do with visiting a place which ninety-nine people out of a hundred have not seen. Others, who do not belong to the sight-seeing fraternity, find they are anxious to get out of Petra again as soon as possible, for many experience a feeling of discomfort and fear in the place, and the impression that in the past it was the scene of ruthless cruelties and bloodshed.

Doughty in his *Arabia Deserta* comments on the horror with which Petra filled him and as a result could find nothing beautiful in the carved temples of strangely-coloured stone. To account for its atmosphere of depression he enumerates from the Old Testament the wholesale killings which happened in this Idumean city in the past: the putting of every man, woman and child to the sword on several occasions, and the throwing by Amaziah of 10,000 Edomite captives from the cliffs to the valley below.

\* \* \*

ACTUALLY Petra cannot have been lost to the outer world for 1,300 years after the fall of the Roman Empire, as is supposed, for the Crusaders must have discovered it after the First Crusade when Renaud de Chatillon built his chain of fortresses along the edge of the Syrian desert. South of Petra is Akaba, with an old Norman keep; a few miles to the north is Shobek, with a typical fairy-story castle on a conical white hill, and farther north again Kerak, another fairy-story place, as it is built according to the blue prints of the child's book illustrators when they draw a picture of the walled town in which the royal family lives.

Once when I visited these places I was accompanied in the car by two most delightful and enthusiastic children, and as we went along

we made up the histories of these castles and keeps, which in all probability were far more cheerful and entertaining than the true stories. When we came down the valley towards Kerak, with its Norman gateway, its loopholed walls and towers overlooking the valley, we recognised it at once—we knew it was the walled town in which lived the king with the lovely princess daughter who was to be awarded as first prize to the young man able to kill the dragon that resided in the purlieu and made life so trying for the inhabitants. The point was, where exactly did the dragon live? And as we were stopping then for the midday halt I told the children, who understood Arabic, I would ask about it from an Arab shepherd watching his sheep by the wayside.

"Have you seen a dragon round here lately?" I said.

"Yes," said the shepherd at once. "I saw him last night and he chased a man into the town this morning."

There is no explanation of this improbable story beyond the fact that in the East the unaccountable happens always, that every Arab believes in the existence of mythical beasts, and there is a marked desire on the part of everyone to give a satisfactory answer to every question. The children and I were delighted to hear that the dragon was still in the offing, but we were disappointed over the princess.

\* \* \*

A LETTER from an old friend (a Camel Corps subaltern of not so long ago and now a lieutenant-colonel of an Armoured Car unit), written from a particularly hot corner of the Qattara Depression describes the wild enthusiasm which spread through his camp—or, to be more exact, bivouac—on receipt of the news that a large consignment of English cigarettes had arrived from the Overseas League. I know the Qattara Depression very well, and in the past I ran through it by car frequently, but the point is I ran through it and did not stay there indefinitely. My sympathies therefore, as a casual passer-by, are with those of the Middle East forces who must perforce stay put in the sands and marshes of an area which is in more senses than one a depression.

It is not exactly a garden of Eden and, though the serpent may not be present in any great numbers, the ubiquitous Egyptian fly and many other pests are there in overwhelming hordes. When one remembers that a mere £1 to the Overseas League Tobacco Fund means 1,000 cigarettes to our troops holding this critical line, and that these cigarettes may bring back a whiff of other days in kinder lands, as well as keeping off the winged torments, I cannot help feeling it is a sound investment.



# BRITAIN'S RAREST BREEDING BIRD

## THE MARSH-HARRIER—I

*Written and Illustrated by*  
**ERIC J. HOSKING**

**T**HE history of the Marsh-Harrier is as fascinating as any to be found in the chronicles of British ornithology. So far as Great Britain is concerned, it was extinct for at least 45 years before 1915, when a single pair bred at Hickling in Norfolk, and reared two young. Neither adults nor the young birds returned the following year, and there is no further record of their breeding until 1921, when another single pair nested. Another lapse of six years followed before the next incident in 1927, and two pairs bred in 1928. From that time onwards the Marsh-Harrier has bred regularly, though not more than three pairs have ever been noted in Great Britain in one season. This Harrier, therefore, is the rarest of all our regular breeding birds.

Some reasons for their rarity readily spring to mind. They are more infertile than almost any other bird, the hens frequently laying full clutches of addled eggs, and they are bad parents, who will desert the nest at the least disturbance.

When I arrived at Hickling early in May, I received the information from Mr. Jim Vincent that he had found a nest on April 19, when only the first few pieces of sedge had been placed in position. By May 13 the nest contained three eggs, and when it was next visited on the 20th, five, this being the full clutch. The first egg hatched on June 7 and the others on the 9th, 12th, 14th and 17th.

In the middle of May Mr. Ian M. Thomson, whose knowledge of the Harriers is second only to that of Mr. Vincent, visited Hickling, and we decided to make an attempt at photography. A well-camouflaged hide was erected some distance from the nest, and on subsequent days was moved nearer stage by stage, the work being carried out quickly but unostentatiously, and with an eye on the hen, which was in every case observed to return to the nest afterwards from a distant dyke wall. Our care was well rewarded, and neither cock nor hen Marsh-Harrier appeared to be at all disturbed at our hide. Our chance of successful photography, therefore, appeared to be very good, when suddenly there occurred a disastrous incident. The nest was situated within a few yards of a

wide dyke, which was a favourite spot among the local children for fishing, swimming and playing games. Unfortunately I did not realise this until Sunday, June 21, which, in those parts, was the first really fine Sunday for some time. The children took the very fullest advantage of it, for which no one, of course, can blame them, but the effect of their laughing and shouting was calamitous so far as the



**THE COCK ALIGHTS AT THE NEST**

The chick is leaping forward to take the food from the talons of the parent bird

Harriers were concerned. There was another nest on the opposite side of the dyke, which was occupied by "our" cock's second hen (for in this case the cock was polygamous). She deserted altogether, and our pair came as near as possible to desertion. From that Sunday onwards they continued to bring food to the nest, but neither of them would stay to feed the young, nor to brood them even at night-time. It was very fortunate that on the Sunday evening we went over to the nest, because we found the chicks both cold and hungry. Casually I pulled a piece of meat from the prey lying in the nest and offered it to one of the chicks. The meat was accepted with alacrity, and all five chicks, rapidly falling in with the idea, screamed at me to feed them. This I did until they were gorged.

Next morning we returned to the nest and found that the smallest of the young was dead, and the remaining four stiff with cold. My wife did her best to warm them, while I tore to pieces the three young meadow pipits which the adults had dropped in the nest since the previous evening. As the chicks were fed and warmed, life seemed to surge into them, and they became very active. We fed each one until it could take no more, and then left. On returning that same evening, we found that one chick was missing, and the remaining three ravenous. This time they had seen us coming, and their hunger was proclaimed vociferously. There seemed nothing for it but to adopt the rôle of foster-parents, and accordingly it became our duty to visit the nest twice each day. We had great hopes of rearing these three chicks on the food brought in by the parents, which was, of course, too large for the young to pull to pieces themselves. Unfortunately, food alone was not enough to preserve the



**(Left) THE HEN AT THE NEST.** After some children had played near, the parents would drop food, but would not stay long at the nest



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A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COCK BRINGING FOOD IN ITS BILL



**THE FOOD IN THE BILL.** Another picture disproving the common belief that the Marsh-Harrier always carries food in its claws

spark of life, and the cold of the nights out on the marshes proved fatal to two more of the chicks, which died from exposure in spite of our care.

As the photographic hide was in position we saw no reason why we should not attempt to obtain some records of the parents bringing in the food, and, accordingly, I was left in the hide one afternoon with this object in view. The surviving chick had just been fed and left

in the nest half asleep. Its appetite was quite surprising, for within a few minutes it was hungry again, and began crying for food. Presently I heard the hen Marsh-Harrier being mobbed by peewits, and a few moments later she alighted on the nest. It was a great moment to see such a splendid rarity at close quarters, and she did not appear to be at all nervous. She gazed down for a short time at the chick, which was screaming to be fed, and,

leaving the food by its side, she jumped from the nest and was gone without making any attempt to feed it. The chick, now seventeen days old, pounced on the food, fixed it under its talons, and began to tug at it, trying frantically to tear it to pieces. Neither bill nor talons were strong enough, however, and, after some minutes of strenuous effort, the task was abandoned.

Peewits again announced that the Harrier was in the air, and through my peep-hole I could see them furiously mobbing the cock. It was inevitable that these peewits should put me in mind of Spitfires attacking a bomber, for they dived and climbed with the air whistling through their wings in a manner very reminiscent of aircraft. After completing one "attack" they would rapidly regain height in order to make another. The Marsh-Harrier was imperturbable in spite of the ferocity of these onslaughts. He merely dodged or side-slipped at the precise moment, and eluded his attackers without apparent trouble. On this occasion the cock, although without food, alighted at the nest and was satisfied with merely gazing at the chick for a few moments before he left.

From the watcher's point of view, the peewits were a great help, for they made a continuous look-out from the tiny peep-hole unnecessary. I was able to relax, read or write notes until I heard them begin to call, which was my cue to renew the close watch. On one occasion, hearing the peewits' warning, I saw the male Harrier coming into view carrying food in his talons, and behind him at a lower altitude was the hen. Suddenly she swung upwards, turned over on her back, and actually took the food from the cock's claws in mid-air. The cock Marsh-Harrier, in common with the Montagu's and Hen-Harriers, does often pass food to the hen in mid-air by dropping it from a slightly higher altitude, but this was the first occasion upon which it was noted that the hen took the food direct from the talons of the cock. The hen circled over the nest with the food dangling from her talons, then came lower and hovered for a moment before alighting. The whole incident had not gone unobserved by the chick, which had called encouragingly throughout, and achieved a crescendo as its parent neared the nest.



**TWO FINE STUDIES OF THE COCK (left) AND HEN ALIGHTING**

Note the clearly defined alula, or bastard wing (which inspired the slotted wing of the aeroplane) on the fore-edge of the cock's right wing, and the remarkable "braking" posture of the hen



# ENGLISH EARTH

By PAMELA HINKSON

ONE would not ordinarily intrude a part of one's own life story into a picture of a country. But my vision of this English beauty of which I write is sharpened by the unusual personal circumstances in which I see it—at once as a child of the country and as a stranger seeing it for the first time for three years. I was born in London of an Irish mother who lived later for many years in English country, coming to know and love it and writing its praises in poetry and prose. It held my own early childhood; yet I now do I seem to see it as my mother saw it, with something added. For only now too late I discovered that I was given an English heart as well as an Irish heart when I was born.

When I saw London this summer, I was conscious of the country of England that lay behind it as I had never been conscious of it before. In other times the city seemed to have swallowed up the country although precious traces of it remained. Now the spirit of the country has reversed the old invasion and taken possession of London. I saw the flower barrows piled with their coloured beauty and they had a new significance. There were always flower barrows, but not before had I stopped to buy a bunch of pinks and feel, looking at them, the message of the country from which they came. Grown in a nursery, perhaps. But pinks belong to cottage gardens. Those days in London I saw English cottages and their gardens and the people who lived in them and what they stood for.

It is not only the removal of the railings, giving to the London parks and squares, the look and feeling of village greens, the framing of unbarred trees and grass at the end of many city streets, so that travelling home in a bus it is as though one went towards the country, that give this new feeling to London of an immense country village. The friendliness and informality have much to do with it; the fact that in a new way the parks are provided as green and kindly resting-places. But beyond all this and much else that London holds, there is the indestructible significance of the things of the earth, both materially and spiritually.

The vegetable and fruit barrows—laden, not with imported food, but with green things grown in English earth; cherries, plums, apples, pears from English orchards—bring their provender to feed the capital city, filled not only with its own people but with fighting-men of all races willing to be free. Now the two worlds—of highly developed machinery and the unchanging life that the earth gives—meet in their essential value and the contrast only sharpens the significance of each, forming a unity, one as part of the other. I have not seen a wild duck or swan move with greater beauty even on an Irish lake, than I have seen them lighting the dark waters of an emergency tank and wrecked London buildings. And someone told me of a *blitz* night spent in Covent Garden and how in the early morning the flower carts came in as usual and, instinctively, she stepped across the dust and broken glass to buy an enormous bunch of primroses. It is not only for the body that English country sends to the people of its capital, but nourishment and healing for the spirit too. During a week of peace, I awoke one early morning by habit at the usual hour and lay waiting for the sound of the siren and heard none, but instead the

call of an owl in the trees of St. John's Wood. No bird's song that I had ever heard had had a comparable beauty to that owl's calling as they had called since London invaded the Wood of St. John. I heard it another night against the steady hum of engines in the sky, one sound making a background for the other as though they were complementary. One could not bear the tale that the engines tell, but for the unchanging story told in an owl's call.

So it is in the country where the bird-men who guard this land fly against the blue late summer sky, as much a part of the beauty as the pigeons in flight. The children, looking up, know the names of 'planes as they might know the names of birds. The scene below is unchanged to the familiar eye, but more clear to mine. Only the stocks of wheat and the bread they will provide have a new significance. The cows grazing peacefully in the neighbouring

and their love for each other tell is as significant as the calling of owls against the hum of 'planes, as the sight of primroses against dust.

Last night when the moon was coming up, a great ball of dull yellow low in the sky, I climbed the hill to see the harvest being stacked in the farm-yard. It had been drawn up the steep road by the motor engine, that found difficult the winding way made for horses' feet. To the accompaniment of the engine running, men high on the wheat stack, their figures dark against the yellow moon behind, were piling the last load for the night. The farmer's young wife came to call to them that supper was ready when they were. A hard business, feeding the extra harvesters, she remarked to me, but vegetables helped. We talked of the harvest. Here, I was told, they had once been busy only with hay. Now they had wheat, rye, oats also, and—she turned to point to a silo



HIGH ON THE RICK: STACKING THE HARVEST

pasture are part of the always English scene. Beyond, the Common—that peculiarly and symbolic English possession, the common and lovely land for the people—stretches for miles of bracken and heather and pines, with open spaces where hare-bells make delicate blue mist. In the evening light a grass path running away between the bracken leads to unimaginable fairylands and one stands at the opening of it with a child's heart again—almost a child's feet that had nothing else to do but run to find that secret.

Climbing the hill by a path under the pines—pink bark glimmering, black-green silver-tipped branches against a flaming sky—one comes to the open space before an old red-walled, brown-roofed farm. In the yard a man leads out his horse to drink from a deep barrel. I have stood to watch and listen to the sound of the horse drinking, sharing his contentment. Across the grass sward the long farm-house stands behind a garden bright with phlox. A woman leans on the gate looking out as though at something of interest that might pass—little passes here—or only so to rest peacefully after her day's toil. Coming home I meet an old man and wife taking their evening walk, accompanied by their two dogs and their cat. They walk arm in arm, leaning on each other as they have leaned through life. The story their lined faces

which was another innovation. The cows liked the ensilage with the sweet mixture of molasses. Yes, they were busy, with fruit-picking too. She lifted a basket of purple plums to show me. She heard that they would have to have more tillage next year: "You've got to feed all your own animals these days!"

She and the harvesters went home in the dusk across the grass stretch to the farm-house, where one lower window, before black-out, was a square of yellow welcoming lamplight, suggesting the spread table within. The moon, now rising higher over the stacks of wheat and hay, was a great ball of bright gold. Later at night I see it silver above the little hill that lifts itself beyond the garden outside my window. The line of the hill and the sky seem so close that they appear to touch, joining two worlds. For a little while the shining ball is caught behind an oak tree, floating like a silver boat in the dark waters of the branches. Then it climbs to the unbroken sky, turning the world below it to gleaming silver crossed with black shadow where the trees bar its way.

Sometimes the rays of a searchlight come over the brow of the hill, moving beautifully across the sky, radiance only a little paler than that now lit by the moon, searching and caressing this English heaven above the English earth that they guard.



# YORKSHIRE SCENES 150 YEARS AGO

## PAINTINGS OF COUNTRY LIFE AT LANGLEYS

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

**M**R. J. J. TUFNELL'S beautiful Queen Anne house in Essex contains an unusual proportion of paintings representing scenes of English country life 150 years ago. Though several generations probably contributed to it, the group is mainly due to William Tufnell, 1749-1812, at a time when collectors were generally more interested in Continental Old Masters or, if they were loyal to native artists, Academy pictures or specifically sporting scenes. The Georgian Tufnells, on the contrary, seem to have been typical Englishmen of the "I know nothing about art, but know what I like" kind, and, luckily, what they liked was the landscape and life around them. Actually, they had admirable instinctive taste as well, to which their care and periodic alterations of Langleys bear witness. A consequence is that the pictures they bought or commissioned form to-day a delightful representation of, and commentary on, country life in late Georgian times.

Among them are four decorative landscape canvases of fowls, in the fashionable style of Bogdani but unexpectedly by Sartorius, almost certainly the Elder John (1700?-1780?). One is signed and dated 1731. Like his son, grandson, and great-grandson, he is known almost exclusively as a sporting painter; but, on the evidence of these pictures, he evidently shared the ability of his contemporary, John Wootton, to keep the pot boiling with other subjects.

"Prospects of Country Seats" nearly always make up for a primitive crudity by their decorative, tapestry-like, qualities and fascinating incidental details. The picture of hounds meeting at Nun Monkton Priory is no exception. There is the red brick, probably William and Mary, house, with formal garden stretching down to terrace bastions above the river, and a vista cut through the

wood at the back on the axis of which stands a stately gazebo. Behind the house is the church, to the left a small kitchen garden with greenhouse and gardener's cottage and a curious old tower. Nun Monkton, 7 miles N.W. of York, is at the confluence of the rivers Ouse and Nidd—the latter is seen coming in from the left in the picture, the Ouse from the back and flowing out to the right. The road still ends at the river, as in the picture, in which the ferryman is seen pushing off from the bank. Beyond the Ouse to the right is Benningborough Park, the Vanbrugh home of the Bouchier family and the most important house in the neighbourhood. This picture must have been painted in about 1750, for William (born 1729), younger son of Samuel Tufnell of Langleys, when he was a young man. He had taken the name of Jolliffe and been left Nun Monkton by his great uncle, Nathaniel Payler. On his death, unmarried, in 1797, Nun Monkton went to his brother, John Jolliffe Tufnell I, who was still alive. The picture is signed with the monogram ND, almost certainly for Nathan Drake.

Two remarkable genre portraits of estate servants—the Bailiff, and the Earth-stopper—were painted for William Jolliffe by this Yorkshire artist, who flourished 1750-80. Little is known of Drake, who occasionally exhibited landscapes and portraits in London.

These two examples of his work suggest that Drake was not only a better painter than the Nun Monkton picture implies, but was essentially a countryman himself, with a countryman's understanding of how much underlies the scenes and men before him. The old Earth-stopper, with his terriers, lantern, and spade, is evidently waiting thoughtfully till he is sure the earths are unoccupied—a fox is eyeing him from behind a tree. Mr. Eric Newton, writing of the companion picture when it was shown at the Exhibition of Country Life through the Centuries in 1937, aptly put into words some of the implications of the country scene represented:

There sits the bailiff, firmly planted on his uncouth rustic pony. He and his mount seem positively rooted in the landscape. One cannot



FOWLS IN A LANDSCAPE. By J. Sartorius the Elder, 1731



EASBY ABBEY AND HALL WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF RICHMOND. By Joseph Farington



THE EARTH-STOPPER. By Nathan Drake

imagine it without them. And the landscape itself—in every direction one sees evidence of man's care. This is not the wild unspoilt Nature beloved by the townsfolk of to day. Sheep and cows are crowded in the field behind him. The village, with its church tower, and smoking chimneys (wood smoke: none of your coal fires) fill the middle distance. A contemplative but slightly wry smile spreads across his face. He is thinking: "All goes well. I must have that fencing mended to morrow. And a drop of rain wouldn't come amiss."

Another pair of pictures is *The Recruit* and *The Wounded Soldier* or *The Veteran* by the much better known painter, and fine artist, James Ward. They are vivid pictures of the Home Front during the Napoleonic Wars, painted in Ward's earlier manner when he was under the influence of his brother-in-law Morland: The young hussar on leave bucking to his relations outside a venerable ale-house; the maimed infantryman telling a truer, and evidently more gruesome tale in the farm kitchen, where, perhaps, they have taken him in for pity. As a painting, the latter shows considerable advance on its pen-

dant, and may actually be somewhat later in date.

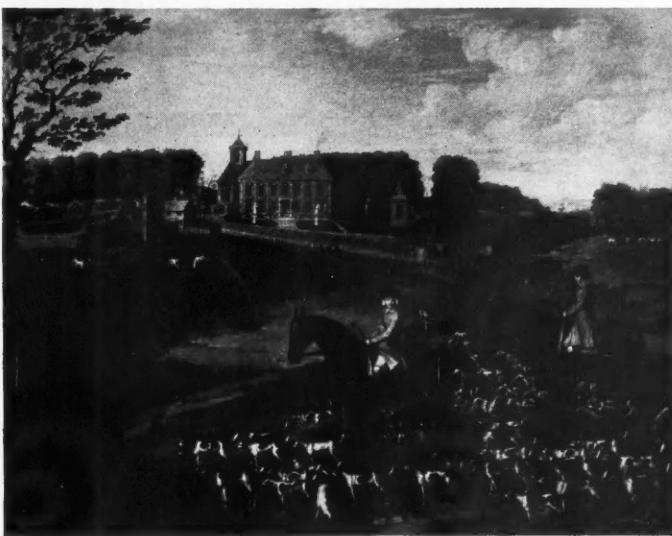
William Tufnell married Anne, daughter of John Close, of Easby Hall, near Richmond. A large oil landscape by Farington



THE BAILIFF. By Nathan Drake

depicts Mrs. Tufnell's home and its lovely setting. The pleasant little Georgian house is seen on the right, overlooking the ruins of Easby Abbey, with Richmond and the valley of the Swale beyond to the west. Oil paintings by Farington are not very common; he was essentially a draughtsman, and this panorama has all the delicate detail, and the same thin colouring, as his topographical water-colours. Every detail in the distant town is clearly visible, the obelisk in the market-place no less than the stones of the Hall.

The picture is typical, too, of his photographic, pedestrian, eye—so marked in his dry, if informative diary—which shunned enthusiasm even when confronted with a scene that few other artists could have failed to invest with some of its native romance. But therein lies the charm of the picture; there is no nonsense about it. Like the others in the collection, it reflects the Yorkshire countryside as a sensible Georgian country gentleman liked to see it, a land of good farms, good sport, good fellows, good houses.

NUN MONKTON HALL, YORKSHIRE  
Circa 1750

THE RECRUIT. By James Ward



THE VETERAN. By James Ward





1.—HASCOMBE COURT—WHERE HOUSE AND GARDEN MEET

## THE GARDEN AT HASCOMBE COURT, GODALMING, SURREY

THE RESIDENCE OF SIR JOHN JARVIS, BT.

*Pictorial effect, achieved by clever planting, and a happy combination of planning with natural gardening have gone to the creation of these scenes during the past twenty years*

THERE is perhaps no corner of Surrey better known to gardeners the world over than that picturesque area which stretches south from Godalming to Hascombe. A countryside of fine oak timber and pine trees, reminiscent of Scotland in parts of its landscape, it has

been made famous in gardening annals through the writings of that great lady of English gardening, the late Miss Gertrude Jekyll, who was one of the first to recognise the possibilities of the district for good gardening and made her home there at Munstead Wood. From Munstead Heath to

the picturesque village of Hascombe there are many delightful gardens, and among them one of the most notable, as well as one of the most distinct in character, is that at Hascombe Court, the charming home of Sir John Jarvis, which is situated half a mile or so off the main Godalming-Hascombe road. The house stands on a high plateau, with the ground sloping to the south-east, overlooking a well-timbered countryside to the east and south.

Hascombe Court is a delightful example, both as to house and garden, of the country home of medium size, where every regard has been paid to the building and its surroundings so that the whole assimilates well with the landscape of which it is part. The garden, a creation of the last twenty years, well illustrates the spirit and tendencies of modern English gardening design, embracing as it does in its plan and structure most features of present-day thought and development. Room has been found for every aspect of modern gardening, and it is easy to see, in the accompanying illustrations, how intimately connected are the various parts, and how happily mated are formality and freedom.

The garden extends from the house on three sides. From the hedged forecourt an attractive vista opens eastward of a broad grass walk, flanked by long and wide double borders leading to a garden house as the terminal feature, and arranged in axial line with the main door on the entrance front. In high summer, the vista makes an enchanting picture equalled in beauty only by a similar scheme on even more spacious lines on the other side of the house. It



2.—THE VISTA ALONG THE DOUBLE BORDERS FROM THE FORECOURT

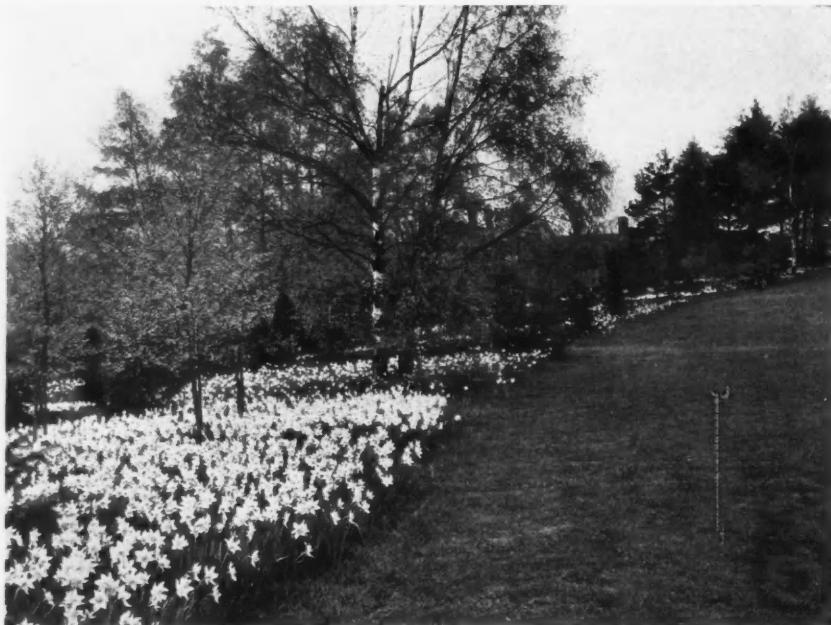




3.—THE PAGEANT OF BORDER FLOWERS IN HIGH SUMMER



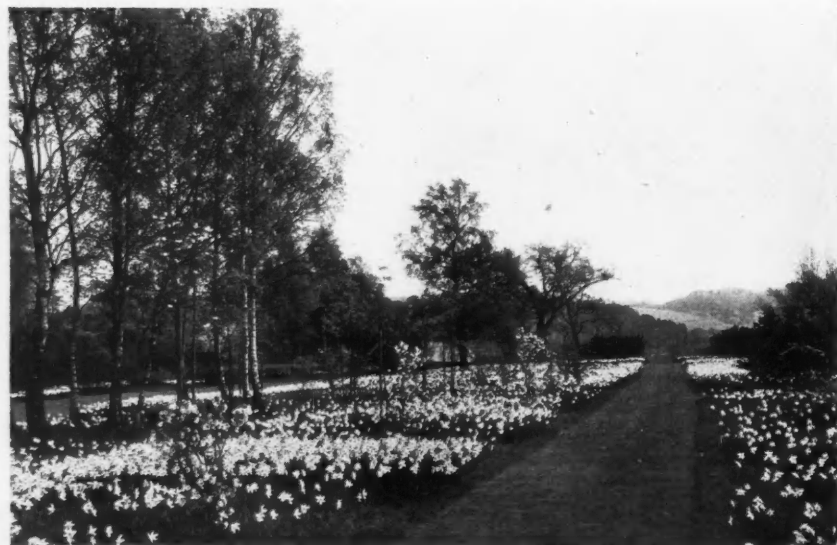
4.—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROCK GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE. A happy association of nature and artifice



5.—THE DAFFODIL WALK—A SCENE IN SPRING



6.—THE APPROACH TO THE GLADE. A garden landscape of charm and beauty



7.—DAFFODILS NATURALISED BY THE MARGINS OF A GRASS WALK

would be hard to find borders of hardy flowers more handsome in general effect or better done than those at Hascombe Court. As much thought and care have been given to their architecture as to their painting, with the result that they afford along their length many charming incidents as rich in contrast and variety of texture and form as in colouring. The introduction of a narrow ribbon edge of paving stones laid flush with the grass walk has both beauty and utility to commend it. It allows the front line plants to assume their natural form and spill over the paved edge, providing a soft and flowing line, without interfering with the growth and cutting of the grass. All the best in the way of hardy flowers finds a place in the borders, and if delphiniums, verbascums, phlox, heleniums and monarda perhaps provide the backbone of the display, they are well supported by a full caste of annuals, including dahlias, which are generously used to maintain a bright display until well into the autumn.

As the visitor turns to the south at the end of the herbaceous walk, a scene of great yet simple beauty greets the eye. Here, in striking contrast to the brilliant pageant of border flowers, a grove of silver birches and broad stretches of mown lawn are the main ingredients which go to make the picture. By well-conceived design and careful



8.—AN ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION IN SPRING

Cherry blossom and daffodils

execution in detail of planting, the peacefulness characteristic of much of Nature's handiwork has been achieved. The whole treatment is broad and picturesque, and the planting of groups of flowering and foliage trees and shrubs so disposed as to provide many delightful glimpses. There has been no over-elaboration, and the planting, only at the most effective points, gives the impression of being done to enhance, and give some colour to, the scene rather than to create a garden. Everything is arranged with a sense of spaciousness, freedom and harmony, with emphasis laid as much on the beauty of the individual plant as on the broad general effect.

The scene is lovely at any time, but never more beautiful than in the spring when the daffodils are in bloom and the crab apples and cherries are in full tide (Fig. 8). Daffodils are everywhere naturalised in the grass, margining the broad turf walks flanked by clumps of picturesque birches and groups of ornamental trees. Everything that is best in the



daffodil kingdom is to be found, each variety massed in groups by itself for the sake of effect and to maintain a succession of flower which extends from mid-March until late May, when the Poet's Narcissus rings down the curtain. This natural landscape garden is in the best tradition of English garden-making, and provides an excellent example of the charm and picturesque beauty that can be obtained by the skilful use and disposition of simple materials.

A wide paved terrace adjoins the house on the south front, bounded on the outer side by the roadside of a retaining wall. Descending flights of steps lead to the lower levels and to the steep slope below, which has been transformed into a rock and water garden on a grand scale (Fig. 4). The site is one which readily lent itself to this treatment and the most has been made of it by clever building. Here rock, water and vegetation are happily united, each playing its part in the complete picture, and providing a series of picturesque incidents that can hardly fail to charm the most unobservant of visitors. With aspects open and sunny as well as cool and shady, with broad open spaces as well as vertical fissures and horizontal ledges, the garden affords a variety of planting conditions suited to the individual needs of a wide range of alpine plants. Every care has been given to the placing of the plant material, especially the numerous dwarf shrubs, both flowering and evergreen, that provide permanent beauty and greenery and a sense of maturity and age. By setting plants where they give emphasis to the rock outline, the effect of the rock work is enhanced, and the plant furnishing itself gains in beauty and effect. It would only bore the reader to give a list of the plants to be found in this rocky setting. Many of the most choice among alpine treasures are to be seen flourishing, as well as all the commoner, which are spread about at various points affording gay and telling effects through April and May when the display is at its best. At the foot of the slope, picturesquely set in one corner, stands a long and low thatched garden house, overlooking the pool, which is fed from the stream issuing from high up on the rock bank, and commanding a fine view of the whole panorama of rock, water and vegetation (Fig. 11).

On the western side, the border scheme seen on the east front is repeated, but on more spacious and dignified lines. A wider expanse has allowed greater freedom of action, and sumptuous full dress borders are laid out on each side of a wide grass walk terminating in lawn and terrace at the house end, and in the open landscape of field and wood at the other. Belts of trees and shrubs provide an admirable background to the borders, which, like those to the east, show in their arrangement that regard for the form and texture of the plant material on which depends the success of any border schemes. All the aristocrats among our hardy flowers find a place, together with a host of annuals and summer bedding plants like the dahlias which are generously used to fill the gaps left by earlier blooming things and so extend the period of beauty (Fig. 9). In high summer, when the borders are at the height of their glory, the vista down the broad grass walk flanked by broad ribbons of luxuriant colouring compels admiration, and was greatly enhanced at the time of our visit by the drifts of waving willow herb in the fields beyond, the whole picture set against a background of evergreens in the far distance.

The garden of Hascombe Court is one of those that so pleasantly show the well directed intention of mind in close sympathy with garden beauty. Everywhere it reflects taste and knowledge and the discerning eye of the picture-maker as well as of the plant-collector, and although some of its mere beauties may be dulled in these days by the more pressing and just claims of vegetable production, they will return in happier times to remain a fitting tribute to Sir John Jarvis and those who have collaborated with him in making the garden what it is.

G. C. TAYLOR.



9.—THE FESTIVAL OF LATE SUMMER FLOWERS IN ONE OF THE LONG BORDERS



10.—A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN HIGH SUMMER WHEN THE BORDERS ARE IN THEIR FULL SPLENDOUR



11.—LOOKING UP THE STEEP SLOPES OF THE ROCK GARDEN FROM THE GARDEN-HOUSE



## COUNTRY HOUSES AFTER THE WAR—V

## A ROMANTIC RETREAT

Designed by OLIVER HILL

MR. FRESHFIELD, like many another tied to his work-city, needs to escape from time to time. He seeks, in contrast to his usual environment, the stimulus which Nature never fails to give to those who live in close contact with her; the regular refreshment of mind and spirit from simple things. So he dreams to build a pleasure-house in some unspoilt primeval spot, such as may still be found, for instance, in Wester Ross or among the mountains of Wales or in North Devon.

In such a place, on the lower slopes of a mountain not far from the sea, Mr. Oliver Hill finds him a site; a rocky ravine clothed with Scots fir and birch with a background of primeval forest. A ledge of rock on which the house will stand, backed by the mountain side and overlooking, on one side, a torrent whose green translucence harbours the damp delights of fern and moss; opening out beneath on to gentle slopes of heathery sward, studded with knolls of silver birches through which the stream threads its way down the hillside. Its banks are clumped with iris and flag, and there is a glimpse of the sea caught through a gap in the hills below.

It all sounds too good, too romantically Wordsworthian, to be true. But why not? The capacities of modern architecture are not necessarily confined to realising pseudo-scientific dwellings in towns or their suburbs. Apply them to the kind of building, on the remote sort of site, which our rude forefathers of the early deerstalking period chose with their modest requirements of comfort but sure eye to the picturesque, and you will get an exciting result. There might be problems—of transport, access, provisioning, labour. But in

these islands one is never really very far from the sources of these; and, when one sees the ingenious achievements of foreigners in recent years, on Alps and rocky shores, one is forced to the confession that we have been grossly unenterprising in this country. For many years to come, too, it is probable that Continental holiday grounds will either be closed or distasteful to us, while air travel will open up the neglected resources of our own delectable country.

So although this house is of the stuff that dreams are made on, it is a perfectly practical proposition. Romantic, yes, but, imaginatively used, the resources of modern architecture and engineering are capable of realising ideas that poets have told of, and the Gothic adventurers envisaged but could not approach.

And it suggests three significant points to bear in mind when considering country houses after the war:—

(1) The advantage, at the outset, throughout the conception of the design and during construction, of visualising a building as the product of its site.

(2) That the straightforward and economic solution of a problem, by the use of post-war material necessitating a measure of standardisation, is not necessarily a bar to its harmonising with the landscape, however romantic.

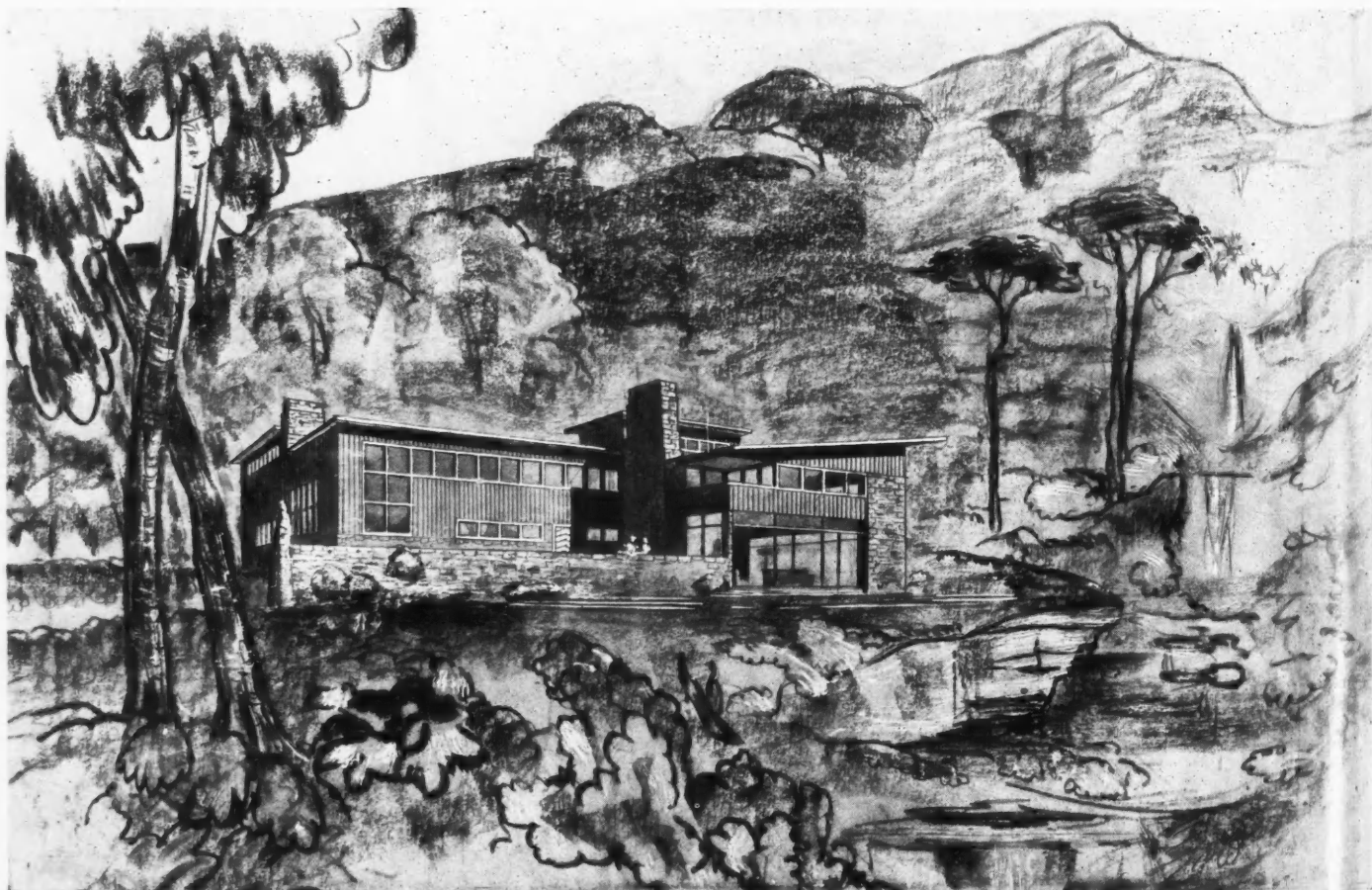
(3) That the technique of contemporary architecture can achieve a beauty of its own, unrelated to historic styles.

DESIGN. The theme of this constructional poem, as it should perhaps be regarded, is provided by the materials of its setting: rock, wood and water. Great care would be exercised that, both in its form and structure, it should harmonise with these. The site-rock itself,

roughly levelled, would form the terrace of the house, perhaps with runnels contrived in its formations, to trap and reflect the play of sun and moonlight on running water. Levelled and polished, the rock might form part of the floor of the main room of the house. Terrace and floor would thus emphasise the interpenetration of house and setting. The lower part of the walls and the sturdy chimneys would be built of stone quarried near the site, grey-green whin-stone, hewn in long slabs set with generous mortar joints; the upper walls constructed of pine logs unshaped and retaining their bark. These must consort together with the high-lights and deep shadows of wall and window openings so that the building has a rough-textured "weave" thus further establishing kinship with its setting.

There would be no external paintwork. Such woodwork as needs to be machined—doors, windows and their frames—would be shot-blasted to give a silver-grey weathered texture leaving the hard grain standing in relief.

But though these materials would be worked traditionally in the local way, the design of the house would be free of convention and stylistic affinity—unless it might be said to derive from the indigenous farm architecture of a mountainous country. As such it could be regarded as a *chalet* modified to our more equable climate. Thus there would be large glazed sliding windows letting in the sunshine, mountain scents and sounds, to pervade the rooms. Indeed, parts of the external walling, particularly of the bedrooms, might consist simply of sheets of plate-glass of full-room height. They would be wonderful on nights of bright moon and star light, could be shuttered



BUILT OF ROUGH-HEWN STONE AND PINE LOGS BESIDE A MOUNTAIN STREAM AMONG SCOTS FIRS AND SILVER BIRCHES.

when it rained and blew—and the spread of the roof would afford them a great deal of protection.

The roofs are designed as low-pitched spans laid with hand-riven cedar shingles, their rough surface texture, of silvery grey, toning into rock and wood. They would be carried well over the supporting walls with wide-spreading eaves, affording ample protection both to the walls and the large window openings under, and to the two sleeping porches.

PLAN. The ground floor rooms would be arranged on varying levels according to the rock face and so as best to command the views, both down into the ravine alongside and across to the distance. The kernel of the house would be the great open fireplace of the Big Room. This room, filling the south end of the house, would partly extend into the upper storey, where it would be directly approached from it by an inclined ramp, thus enabling the bedrooms along the open corridor to catch flickering glances from the hearth on their ceilings. Appropriate settings would be provided in the Big Room for the enjoyment of music, for the display of a few pieces of contemporary sculpture, and for books in the case-lined Book-room.

Terrace and ground-floor rooms, in warm weather, would be, in some cases, run together, their rock floors continuous. There would be no garden in the formal sense adjoining the house, but formations of rock could be stripped and contrasted with pockets of low spreading juniper, dwarf conifers, heaths, and flowering and aromatic shrubs; an arrangement of evergreens, ever-greys, rock, and water, something after the manner of an old garden court of the Japanese patrician house in happier days.

In such a house, where one is in and out of doors in all weathers, the use of polished wood floors would be restricted to the upper rooms. The ground floor, where the native rock was not used, would be paved with large slabs of such beautiful materials as Green Horn-ton or Sea-green Delabole, or Black Hopton-wood stone, all with smoothed surfaces. It would be possible to devise large-scale mosaic floors with these materials, to be designed by contemporary artists.

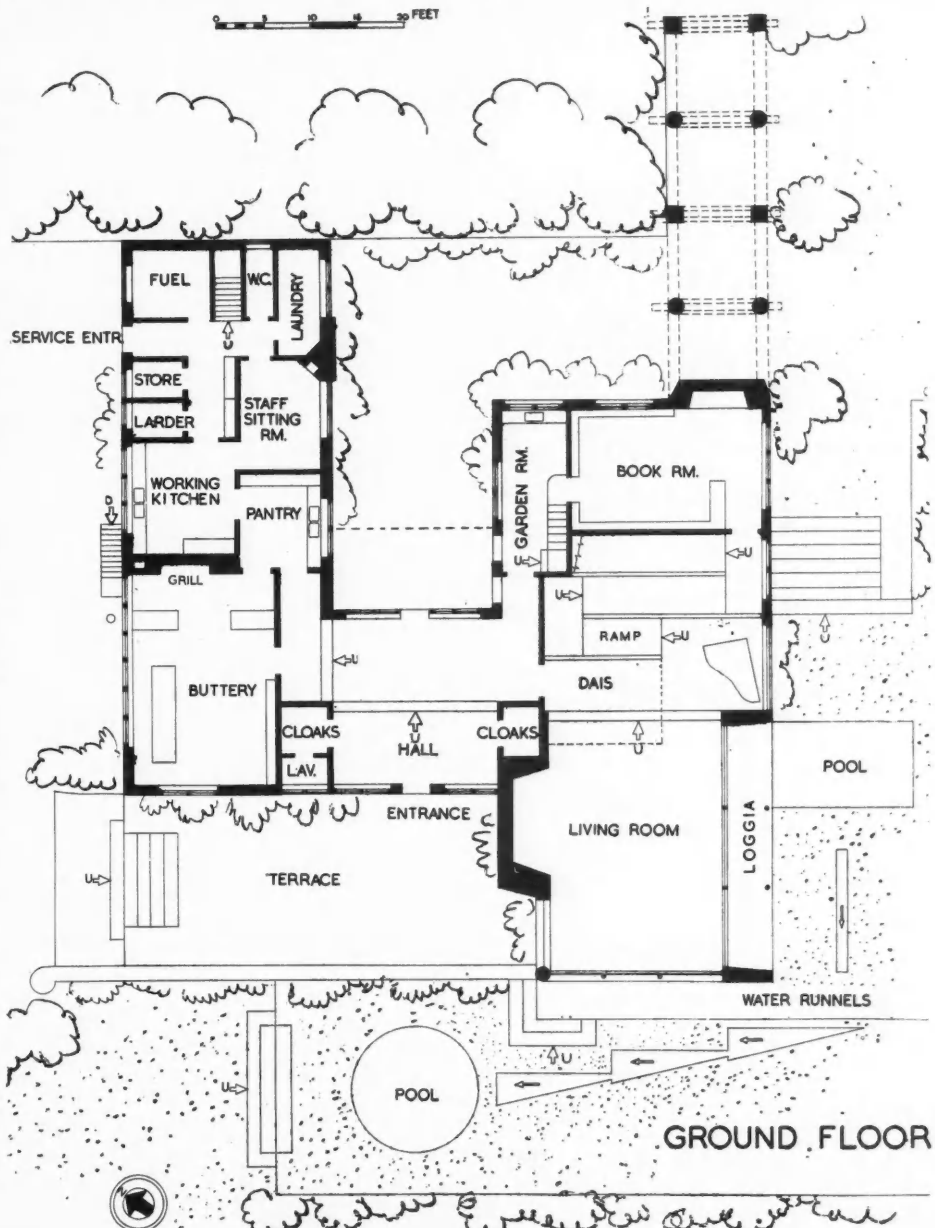
The dining place would take rather the form of a Buttery—a spacious light room two storeys high, its polished green stone floor reflecting the glint of copper, pewter and earthenware arrayed on its wide-spreading dresser. Things could be hung from convenient rafters—a ham, a side of bacon, bundles of herbs. Here one would dine off a great table, the food prepared on a charcoal grill, or, more prosaically, in the adjoining kitchen, where it is conceived that electric power would be available, as throughout the house.

For the stream alongside the house, besides being a thing of beauty, would be harnessed to provide the creature comforts of power, light and heat. Thus, Mr. Freshfield's romantic site would be made technically, if unobtrusively, self-supporting by the ingenuity of the engineer. But it is suggested that candlelight would be used for preference, wherever possible, for its kindness and cheer; and log fires would be used in the two sitting-rooms, though electrically-generated central heating would temper the stone-floored rooms and other parts of the house.

The first-floor rooms would be lightly treated, a contrasting note of freshness given by the use of pinky-grey elm-boarded floors, doors and ceilings, chalky lime-washed walls, and sprigged chintz hangings. Individuality and richness could be added by employing young contemporary painters to fresco one entire wall in each of the principal rooms. The furniture, generally, would be such pieces as are garnered for their individual charm and interesting shape or texture, whether old or new. But much of it, certainly the settees, chairs, and tables, would need to be specially designed to harmonise with the spirit of the house. They could have supports formed of circular posts, hand-wrought, and simply pegged together, their seats of hides and skins slung across.

Such is a sketch of Mr. Oliver Hill's vision of a romantic retreat. It must be acknowledged a remarkable feat of constructive imagination—and of imaginative construction—full of inspirations for the time when building can begin again. Modern architecture has need of the intense feeling for natural things—soil, air, water and substances—so evident in this conception, if its full potentialities are to be developed. Hitherto, in this country, modern architecture has tended to be restricted to urban or suburban houses, when it is not devoted to industrial and impersonal purposes, giving the impression of an urban, theoretical mentality in its practitioners. We have no Frank Lloyd Wright—unless it be Mr. Hill—who infuses the dry bones of the new architecture with an imagination warmed by the same elements that begot the great architecture of the past. For classic and Gothic ultimately sprang, as does this dream, from contemplation of the possibilities inherent in rock and timber and sunlight.

C. H.





# MY FIRST AMATEUR

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I HAVE written about my first Ladies' Championship and my first Open. Now to make what Mr. Peggotty would call a "merrygorounder" of it, I think I must say something of my first Amateur, even though I have to go back to the dark ages of 1898. The other day I received a very kind letter from a reader who said he had been much interested in my account of Braid's win at Prestwick in 1908, though he himself was only five years old at the time. He added that he was rather less interested when I went back into the last century. Well, he may be grateful to know that I cannot find my old green *Golfing Annual* which deals with 1898; so I shall spare him some details and give only a few general impressions. He is a Scotsman and so perhaps he will be the more forgiving since the hero of my tale will, I fancy, turn out to be that very great Scottish golfer, Freddie Tait.

Apart from its more prehistoric character this story must differ a little from my other two. To Prestwick and to Hunstanton I went solely to watch the doings of others. In 1898 I had not yet taken to the bad habit of reporting, and I went to Hoylake to play myself, and it was for me a great occasion, for it was not only my baptism of fire in the way of championships, but the first time I had seen many of the great ones of the earth. John Low was the only one I knew well. I had had a glimpse of Horace Hutchinson at Eastbourne, and Mure Fergusson at Sandwich; I had reverentially spoken a word or two to Freddie Tait at Woking and had actually played a round with Jimmy Robb at St. Andrews, but all the others and in particular the Hoylake triumvirate, John Ball, Harold Hilton, and Jack Graham, were entirely new. Fortune arranged for me the perfect opening scene. I was in the upstairs rooms in the clubhouse, hill-gazing "with a wild surmise" on the view of Hoylake which has so often disappointed the eager pilgrim. There, practising in the Field, was the great Hilton himself, then the reigning Open Champion and dressed just as I had seen him in many photographs, with his white shoes and check coat and with his small cap on the back of his head. He was practising spoon shots and that so accurately that the balls made a little white pattern on the grass, as if they were a clump of mushrooms suddenly grown in the night. It was a great moment.

Let me get myself out of the way as quickly as possible, and it did not take very long in fact. In the first round I drew a bye. In the second I played a Scottish golfer, Mr. Burns, whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing again from that day to this, and won by 5 and 4. In the third I vanished, having created what was then a record though for me a disastrous one. My opponent was Herbert Farrer, a good Hoylake player whom I had encountered before in Wales. We went to the twenty-fourth hole, where I succumbed. If I had won I should have had a quarter of an hour or so for lunch before meeting John Ball; so the result of our match was of purely academic interest. I did not think so at the time, and when an urbane young man with a pencil found me lunchless, exhausted and depressed in the dressing-room and said: "Mr. Darwin, I believe you represent the Banking and Insurance Golf Club," my reply was not so polite as I now think it ought to be to a reporter. At any rate that was the end of me, and after that I watched hard.

As I have said, Freddie Tait not only won that championship but was by far its most dramatic figure. There were two Freddie Tait. There was the one who had swept through the championship of two years before at Sandwich, having the hardest part of the draw, encountering one famous player after another and knocking their heads off, murdering Harold Hilton in the final. That one could play beautifully faultless golf, making none of his traditional recoveries because none was needed. The other Freddie could be extraordinarily erratic for so great a player, in need of all the recoveries in his bag, and it was this one who was chiefly on view at Hoylake. His long game was all awry, and,

though his swing looked as graceful and easy as usual, the ball went to very odd places, and only a real genius for getting out of them, together with some of that fortune that favours the brave, pulled him through.

As I remember it now, everything in the championship seemed to be working up to a grand climax, the meeting of Tait and Hilton in, I think, the fourth or fifth round. From the start it was clear that they were foredoomed to meet. All Hoylake and all Liverpool hoped that now, when Harold was Open Champion and on his own course, he would not only win the Amateur at last but would conquer once and for all the weakness which always beset him when he had to face his Scottish rival. He was playing well, he had won his early matches with ease, and the crowd poured out to see the match and did not, I fancy, do its hero much good by many preliminary pats on the back, which were meant to be encouraging.

Harold looked uneasy and Freddie full of confidence. I remember seeing him practising at the putting holes inside the chains and white posts in front of the clubhouse. A friend asked after his game and he replied cheerfully: "All right except this part of it and that'll be all right by the afternoon." So it was, for not only did he put away his eccentric mood in the long game but his putting seems in the recollection to have been devastating. Neither began very well, but Harold putted dreadfully on the second green and lost a hole which he looked as if he were going to win. At the fourth, the Cop, Freddie holed a good putt to be two up and all was over. Only one other shot do I recall, a long putt which Freddie holed on the Briers green. I can see him thrusting forward his right foot in a most characteristic movement, just as the ball is going in. The match ended at the Rushes, the thirteenth, and it was a sad procession that took its way back to the club. A perky

little Cockney golfer, long since dead, with a "quiff" of hair, who looked like a drawing of Phil May's, said to the defeated champion: "Well, Harold, I don't think you ever will win this championship." As an example of sympathetic tact, the remark left something to be desired.

In that match Freddie Tait had played his proper game, and so he did, I believe, in the final against Mure Fergusson, but that I did not see. On the other hand, he had some desperate adventures before reaching the final. Charles Hutchings took him to the nineteenth by holing a putt all across the last green, and at that nineteenth Freddie pulled his drive into the rough, only to recover with a tremendous wooden club shot and win in a four. Jack Graham took him to the last green and ought, according to patriotic Hoylake opinion, to have beaten him comfortably, if he could have holed some infantile putts. The shortest of all Jack missed on the home green, and walking in the evening across the links I saw a number of little caddies practising it. No doubt they had shortened it, for it had shrunk to a foot at most. As to the semi-final against John Low, I was a passionate partisan of John's and so perhaps a prejudiced witness; but it certainly seemed to me that Freddie had the gods on his side. Two wooden club shots laid practically dead, one of them on the twenty-first hole, however magnificently courageous did appear "a bit thick," and so did a putt of 7 yds. or so rattled in across the twentieth green. Harold Hilton always said that for once Freddie was almost in despair and hit that putt without caring. I wonder. At any rate, he was the only golfer I ever saw who could have won a championship, while making the mistakes he did. It was a terrific achievement.

I find I have said nothing of John Ball, and the plain fact is that I remember little about him in that championship, except that Robb beat him in the last eight. I recall him so vividly on so many other occasions at Hoylake but this time he has faded. I have tried rubbing an old crook-necked putter of his which I possess, as Aladdin rubbed the wonderful lamp, but even that magic will not bring him back.

## FARMING NOTES

### PROBLEMS OF THRESHING

LITTLE threshing was done during harvest. Most farmers were anxious to press on as quickly as possible with getting the sheaves into the ricks, and they did not hold up operations for threshing. There has, of course, been the wheat and barley from the combine-harvesters. The combine does its best work when the corn is absolutely ripe and in a good many cases the farmer can sell his wheat or barley without putting it through a drying plant. This season, with intermittent rain, the drying plants have been useful. Millers soon get

overloaded with damp wheat and few of them have drying plants adequate to deal with a large quantity of it. The farmer who uses an ordinary binder and can get his wheat into rick in dry condition should be able to thresh after three weeks or so. There is always some sweating at first in the ricks, but if they are not made too wide the wind blows through and the corn should be fit for threshing by the second or third week in September. It will be wanted by then if we are to fulfil all the programme of autumn wheat sowing that has been planned. A



A NEW TYPE OF 85 H.P. HARVESTER-THRESHER FROM CANADA  
This machine propels itself, cuts, threshes out the grain, discharges the straw in a line (seen on the left) and elevates the corn into a truck. It cuts 16 ft. width of corn at a time



25 per cent. increase in the wheat acreage means a great rush to get through all the ploughing and cultivations after harvest, which has rather dragged. Still, there will be those who can thresh early, and if they have good samples of known varieties of wheat, they will no doubt find a ready market.

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PRIORITY in threshing will have to be given to seed wheat for the next few weeks. More seed wheat will also be wanted. The brewers, too, will be on the look-out for malting barley. Many of them had run very short of supplies until the combine-harvesters got busy on the wheat barley, and they have obtained barely enough yet to meet current requirements. Early generally threshes out best in October, and it is then that the keenest demand comes from the maltsters who are building up stocks for the rest of the year. There is to be stricter control of threshing during the coming autumn and winter. Every owner of a threshing machine is now required to register with his War Agricultural Committee. This covers all threshing sets, whether mobile or stationary. Threshing contractors are already registered. Now farmers who run a machine merely for their own threshing are also required to register. This should enable the Committees to keep closer watch on the use that is being made of all the threshing machines in the country. It is quite certain that a good many machines in private hands

were not used to anything like full capacity last winter.

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THE ideal arrangement, of course, is for the farmer who has a threshing machine to arrange with his neighbours to undertake their threshing. This raises a labour problem, because he probably cannot spare several men away from the farm for weeks on end. The War Agricultural Committee should be able to supply him with Land Girls or Irishmen to make up a team. We have got more threshing machines in the country now, but the total number is no more than sufficient to deal with all the extra corn that has been grown this year. If we are to get through threshing by the spring, every machine will have to work to capacity. The Ministry of Food is interested in getting as much wheat and rye as possible off farms. There is a suspicion that some wheat has been used illegally for poultry feeding during the past year. The Ministry wants to stop this. From now onwards the weekly returns which owners of threshing sets are required to make will go to the War Agricultural Committees. It will be the job of the threshing officer in each county to check the quantities of wheat threshed, and particularly to see that the proportion of tailings which the farmer is entitled to keep does not amount to more than 5 per cent. Returns of the threshing of dredge corn as well as wheat and rye are also required because if the dredge corn contains more than 25 per cent. of wheat,

it must be offered for sale. It seems that some farmers have been growing more dredge corn containing wheat in order to obtain better quality grain for feeding to poultry. At the present time, all the sound wheat grown is required for human consumption, and dredge corn containing wheat may be wanted.

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BLIGHT spread at lightning speed among the potato crops in the muggy days and nights of late August. A crop that looked healthy one week was brown the next and giving off that sickly damp smell that goes with blight. Spraying the tops with sulphuric acid is said to kill off the spores and save the tubers from infection. This spraying, which needs a special machine, is expensive, but I believe it is worth while. It is always a convenience to have the tops destroyed. It makes easier work for the spinner at lifting time. My experience has been that if the tops are destroyed by acid spraying when blight appears, and the rows were well earthed up, the potatoes come out unaffected by blight when lifted three weeks after the spraying. At least a fortnight should be left between spraying and lifting to let the skins set firm. Otherwise the skins may be bruised and broken and if some blight spores persist they get a footing in the clamp and trouble soon develops. The clamps will certainly need watching for trouble in the coming winter. If the blight spreads in the clamp, the affected tubers can be sorted out and fed to livestock.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE SEA-TROUT POOL

By WEST COUNTRY

IN most rivers inhabited by sea-trout there seem to be certain pools in which considerable numbers of the early fish congregate. Usually, but not invariably, such pools are fairly low down the river, only a few miles above tidal limits, but I know of at least one which is quite a considerable distance from the sea, and not in the main river at all, but in a tributary. Yet a good many of the big sea-trout, which begin to appear in April, and are fairly plentiful by May, rush through the much larger pools on the way, and do not rest content until they have reached the Bridge Pool.

The river is quite small and the one-span bridge is not more than about 10 ft. wide at water level. Under the arch, and for a little way below, there is a depth of 6 ft., and then it shelves gradually as the pool broadens out on to a shallow tail, where in time of drought there is a shingle bank. From the bridge above, when the light is right, one can see every stone in the bottom, and at times it is a natural aquarium. Salmon like the Bridge Pool, too, and there are sometimes a dozen or so, mostly congregated in the deeper water, whereas the sea-trout prefer to lie back towards the tail. The pool is very little fished, however, because of natural difficulties.

The river was low and sport with salmon at a standstill when I met the water-bailiff one day in the near-by market town and stopped for a chat. "Fine lot of sea-trout in the Bridge Pool," he said. "I counted over a score, mostly good ones, and a couple of salmon yesterday."

It was not far out of my way, and so on the homeward journey I went down the steep hill to the bridge. The light was just right, and for an hour I watched enthralled. There were four salmon and, as near as I could count, 25 sea-trout, some lying motionless, others cruising about and tugging on their sides. A man on the bridge was throwing in pieces of bread, which a number of brown trout took eagerly, but the salmon and sea-trout did not appear interested.

I had a good look around; fly fishing seemed out of the question. One bank was a *cheval de frise* of high alders. One could cast off the

bridge, but there was no way of getting down to land a fish. On the other bank there was one possible place, but even here fly-fishing would be very difficult, to say the least, at night, for one had to stand hard up against the masonry, which towered perpendicular for some 12 ft., and side-casting was ruled out by the steeply rising bank and background of trees. But I saw that one could cover the water easily enough with a fixed-spool reel, and that evening I arrived after dinner with a 9-lb. silk line on my No. 2 "Altex" and a 5-oz., 7-ft. spinning rod.

I had no phantom, the usual lure for spinning at night, but a light-coloured soleskin gudgeon seemed as if it might serve the purpose. To see what it looked like in the water, and to damp the trace, I crept down to the pool before it was dark enough to start trying for the sea-trout and made a cast. As the bait came across I started as a shadowy form followed. With beating heart I watched a salmon of about 12 lb. with its nose almost on the gudgeon, and not until the bait was right into the bank and I had to lift it did the fish turn away. After a few minutes' wait, I cast again several times, but neither it nor any of the others betrayed further interest in the lure.

About 10 o'clock, when it was nearly dark, I began, confining operations at first to the deeper water, sometimes casting up-stream under the arch, where once or twice fish rolled or jumped. Within a few minutes I had a good pull, but whatever it was it did not connect. However, a little later something did lay hold. It fought in rather unenterprising fashion very unlike a sea-trout, and when netted proved to be a brown trout of 2½ lb., a short thick fish with head and mouth of the obvious cannibal, one which without any doubt had been the end of many a salmon and sea-trout smolt. Such fish are far better out of than in a moorland stream.

The next half-hour produced nothing except a couple of shy plucks, which probably came from brown trout, and then, right at my feet, when I was in the act of lifting the bait, the rod was almost jerked from my hand. It is always rather startling when a fish takes very close in—because, somehow, one is never quite expecting it—and at night it seems more so.

The fish boiled just below the surface immediately it felt the hook, and then made a wild lunge across the pool. After a strong, dour fight, in which it never once showed, it was safely steered over the net, a heavily spotted sea-trout, which just pulled down the scale at 4 lb.

Three casts later, right at the very tail of the pool, almost on the shingle bank, another laid hold with characteristic sea-trout vigour, so different from the quiet take of most salmon. Its fight, too, was typical of the species, for it was in the air almost as much as in the water. Such spectacular battles are usually short; either the hold gives, the tackle breaks, or the fish is exhausted by the violence of its efforts. A bar of silver, weighing 3¼ lb., it was, with one male sea-louse still adhering, and, as sea-trout will, it had evidently run straight through to the Bridge Pool in spite of the low water.

That was the end, for although I continued, for half an hour longer there was not another touch. But in five evenings during the next fortnight I had nine others from the Bridge Pool, and the average weight was only just short of 3 lb.



THE BRIDGE POOL IN THE RIVER TRIBUTARY TO WHICH BIG SEA-TROUT RUSH IN MAY

## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE FUTURE OF LAND CONTROL

SIR,—I have been interested in the recent series *The Future of Land Control*, and the letters arising from it. An aspect to which attention has not been drawn is the extent to which farmers are taking advantage of the present situation to sell out. I do not know if this is common, but it is very marked in this part of the country. The reasons appear to be:

(1) No confidence is felt in the Government's post-war agricultural policy. Most of us know by experience that it is quite impossible to get a democratic Government to subsidise agriculture with tax-payers' money when there is cheap food in superabundance in the wheat-growing countries.

(2) Farmers selling out can get prices for old and half-worn plenishing, and for the oats they have in store, such as they never dreamed of receiving in peace-time.

(3) The fixed wage for farm workers and the fixed length of working days, with the accompanying overtime pay, quite upset the old-time custom of bargaining and engagement which provided a great deal of the interest in farming business from both sides of the negotiations. A contributory cause of dissatisfaction is that the wage is the same for a lazy, inexperienced worker as for a skilled, hard worker.

(4) The amount of paper-work demanded: permits, coupons for this sort of food and coupons for that; regulations about all sorts of transactions between neighbouring farms, accompanied by the dread of becoming amenable to the law for some offence committed unconsciously.

These factors are largely ignored politically, but they suggest the practical reasons for many farms becoming vacant at the present time. I cannot help feeling that, if all the regulations and restrictions proposed by Sir John Prestige were adopted, the same would apply to landed estates.—WALTER LUMSDEN (Rear-Admiral), *Pitcaple Castle, Aberdeenshire*.

## A CRAFT REVIVED

SIR,—With the return of the horse for haulage purposes, saddle-trees are coming into their own again. Here is a craftsman in a Ripon workshop where saddle-trees have been made since the reign of George I, though in recent years—until the present emergency, with its restrictions on motor transport—the demand has been limited to those needed for railway companies' horses.

The craft has changed very little with the passing of the centuries. Locally grown ash and beech supply the materials, and the only tools used are the draw-knife (seen in the photograph) and the adze. Before being assembled, the various parts are placed on a rack above a fire of shavings and smoked to a mellow brown.—G. B. Wood, *Leeds*.

## FOOD FOR FOWLS

SIR,—While one does not doubt the merits of balancer meal there is no question that fowls produce their maximum of eggs only when given some hard grain.

As this cannot now be bought, the answer is gleanings. Most farmers will grant permission to glean to people whom they know and can trust not to abuse the privilege.

Gleaning should not take place until the corn has been carried; one can then take all that is left with a clear conscience. My sister and I have been gleaning on a farm about a mile from our house. We first raked the wheat into sheaves, which we tied. We found that, owing to the rain, these sheaves were too heavy to carry, as we had intended, so had to take

them home on a wheelbarrow—a handcart would have been better.

Then came the longest job. We had no floor large enough for threshing. Had the garage been empty this would have been an excellent place, and no doubt a flail could have been improvised. As it was each ear had to be broken off by hand. Sometimes it was possible at the same time to strip the seed from the ear. The ears were spread out on a dust-sheet to dry in the sun, being taken into the veranda at night. During the day we

now sent in by Lord Latymer are all the "seven-spot ladybird," scientifically known as *Coccinella septempunctata*. This species is one of the commonest of our ladybird beetles and is definitely an aphid-eater. It does not eat plants in any stage of its life history. This beetle is subject to rapid change in numbers as has been now noted by Lord Latymer and sometimes appears quite suddenly in vast migratory swarms. Thus as long ago as 1826 a "prodigious flight" of seven-spot ladybirds was recorded in



MAKING A SADDLE-TREE

(See letter "A Craft Revived")

trod out the grain, and picked out straw and empty ears.

Winnowing did not seem to be practical, so when dry the grain and chaff were stored together in a dust-bin. I have no doubt the fowls will separate them without difficulty.

The straw has been given to the fowls, which are busy picking it over and collecting all the grain we overlooked.

Gleaning is hard work, and the pile of grain we have obtained so far small, but nevertheless we cannot but feel it was time well spent, knowing what an increase there will be in the egg yield this winter.—GWYNETH PENNETHORNE, *The Hill House, Lindfield, Hayward's Heath, Sussex*.

## THISTLES AND LADYBIRDS

From Lord Latymer.

SIR,—As suggested in your editorial note published with my letter on *Thistles and Ladybirds* (COUNTRY LIFE, September 4), I am sending you two or three ladybirds from the thistles in my paddock, also a thistle-top, showing how the bloom has withered into nothing. As a matter of fact, to my surprise, I had quite a search to find these ladybirds, as the great majority have evidently gone to pastures new. There is not one left now for every 100 there were a fortnight ago.—LATYMER, *Shipton Lodge, Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire*.

[The three specimens of ladybirds

the Portsmouth district covering fields and streets, and as recently as last year we received a record of large swarms coming in from the sea at Bournemouth at the beginning of August. These sudden abundances are of great interest from both a scientific and an economic point of view, and it would be helpful if anyone who observes such an occurrence would send in to COUNTRY LIFE Offices full details and specimens of such beetles when possible. The beetle is a great friend of the gardener and should not be destroyed.—ED.]

## MULBERRY RECIPES

SIR,—In reply to the letter from "Morus" in your issue of September 4, I enclose a recipe for making mulberry marmalade with honey instead of sugar.

This can be made with under-ripe berries with honey as follows: 1 quart under-ripe berries, 1 lb. of honey.

Stalk the fruits and chop with a knife. Put in the pan and stand at the side of the fire until sufficient juice is drawn to cook. Simmer till quite tender. Add honey. Stir till blended. Boil fast till it sets when tested. It is advisable to weigh the 1 quart of mulberries and add a little more honey if needed to make proportion up to  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. to 1 lb. of fruit.

Honey is about 18 per cent. or one-fifth water. This must be taken into account when making jam. When pulping fruit crush it well with a wooden spoon and cook it in its own

juice. Do not add any water. See that the juice is reduced before honey is added. This is to equalise the water in the honey.—ALICE BEDDINGTON, *Court, Crondall, near Farnham, Surrey*.

SIR,—I see in COUNTRY LIFE that readers are asked for recipes for mulberries.

When the mulberries are quite ripe pick them carefully into a glass dish. Pour over them a good syrup which must be nearly boiling, and a big cupful of claret in it. Let it cool thoroughly, then put a flat coating of whipped cream on the top. Before serving sprinkle the top with the petals of red roses.—CONSTANCE JOY, *Winchester*.

[Our correspondent's attractive recipe may be not improved but made possible for war-time resources by using enough sweet cider to flavour it instead of the claret, and synthetic cream or (powder) custard instead of the cream. Mulberries bottle excellently either slightly unripe (whole) or ripe (pulped with a little sugar) and sterilised. An excellent jam can be made with equal quantities of fruit and sugar. First the fruit should be stewed slowly till soft, then the sugar added and the whole boiled for 20 minutes. One teaspoonful of tartaric acid to each 2 lb. of fruit should be stirred in just before boiling. Slightly under-ripe berries are best for jelly, for which 1 pint of water should be added to each 3 lb. of fruit and 1 lb. of sugar to each pint of juice.—ED.]

## PEACH TREE IN LONDON

SIR,—We have had phenomenal results this year from a peach tree in this garden—having picked approximately 700 peaches, quite 50 per cent. of which have been first-class, luscious fruit. The interesting part about this is that 15 or 16 years ago a peach stone was planted in a pot, replanted in the garden and subsequently grafted by an expert and the above-mentioned tree is the result. It has borne fruit in the past on sporadic occasions, but a great proportion of this has not ripened. This year, however, in spite of the lack of sun, it has been exceptional. The tree has had no special attention, but a theory we are inclined to favour is that it is near a rain-water butt which overflows periodically, thereby soaking the roots of the tree. It would be interesting to hear of any other reader who has had this success with a peach tree grown in the open.—K. M. HAWKES, 6, *Poplar Road, Merton Park, S.W.19*.

## A BAT INVASION

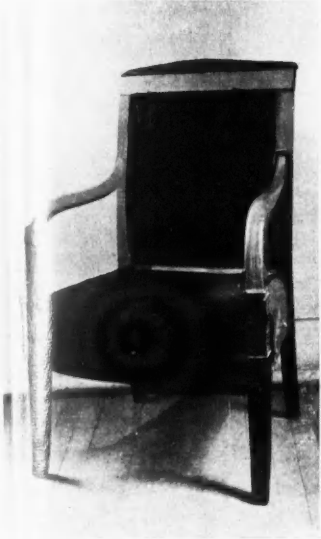
From Lady Flora Poore.

SIR,—Not very long ago I had an invasion of bats at my place. One late afternoon my maid asked me to go to her room to hear a peculiar noise outside the window. Her room looks out on to a small leaden roof which is over the kitchen, and the wall of that side bit of the house is elm-boarded, punctuated by the small lattice windows of two rooms. As I leant out I heard a curious medley of noise that sounded like very subdued machine-gun firing and flapping, but I was much taken aback by an appalling smell! Then I saw a bat fly to and disappear in what must have been a small hole in the boarding. I at once got the builder's men to come up and examine; they injected water from a syringe through the sides of the boards, and, straightway, out came a flight of dozens of bats, emerging from many exits. The workmen and my chauffeur stood on the leaden roof and with tennis rackets beat down as many of the little winged animals as they were able. The rest flitted off to the wood, leaving dozens of small black bodies strewn over the roof and the garden below. But this was but the harbinger of what was to come. The men began to take down the boarding-strips, on which clouds of bats scudded out, while large clumps



of their babies fell on to the roof! It was estimated that at least 500 were felled by the men, though more than that flew off to the wood—from where, mercifully, they have not returned! The whole place, wall and boards, was thoroughly cleaned and saturated by some sort of strong burning disinfectant, and the boards replaced. This house was only built 15 years

Mr. J. H. Jacobs, who has already restored many items to the *Victory* prompts me to send a photograph of a relatively little-known chair which is reputed on good authority to have been in Nelson's cabin at Trafalgar. This piece is now in Andover Museum, to which it was presented (with Nelson's cloak) by the late Admiral Durnford. The donor himself received the chair from Admiral J. R. Thompson, who in his turn had it from Captain Hardy. Though much less objectionable than some of the ghastly "Trafalgar" chairs, festooned with ropes and hung with anchors in honour of Nelson's last battle, the piece is not one to excite admiration, and its clumsy classicism suggests that it can have been made only a very short time before the year 1805. Far more attractive is the little vernacular piece—a stickback Windsor—which I was once permitted to photograph by its owner, Mr. A. Rochelle Thomas. This chair, also reputed to have been on board the *Victory*, has not quite the same elegance as the better-known Goldsmith chair (bequeathed by Goldsmith to Dr. Hawes and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum), but there is a fundamental affinity: so far as details are concerned, the turning of the legs (usually poor in English Windsors) may be noted. Countersunk in one arm is an unfortunate brass plate to inform the reader that "Nelson died, 1805." Incidentally, the number of English Windsor chairs which can boast that they were owned or used by eminent people is very small indeed: I know of a lowback specimen which Carlyle owned and is said to have used, but can at the moment remember no other.—J. D. U. WARD, *Bradfield, Berkshire.*



FROM NELSON'S CABIN AT TRAFALGAR  
(See letter "Two Nelson Chairs")

ago, so that an influx of this sort of pest must be an unusual occurrence, seeing that the house has nothing of the "old belfry tower" about it!—FLORA POORE, *Wimborne, Dorset.*

[As bats are beneficial animals and destroy large numbers of insects we suggest that in cases such as this slaughter is undesirable. The bats having been ejected, their return can be prevented by stopping up the holes. Bats are among the most interesting and remarkable of mammals, but their dusk-flying habits make them difficult to study. Many a bat student will regret that this large colony did not receive expert investigation.—Ed.]

## TWO NELSON CHAIRS

SIR,—The recent purchase of more pieces of Nelson's cabin furniture (by



BRIDGET PASTON'S (LADY COKE'S) MONUMENT  
(See letter "In Tittleshall Church")

## IN TITTLESHALL CHURCH

SIR,—A *propos* my article on the Norman House in Norwich (August 21), and my references to Sir Edward Coke and his wife Bridget, I send you photographs of the two tombs (or monuments) in the church at Tittleshall, Norfolk, as you may like to reproduce these for your readers. Both are on the north side of the chancel.

Bridget Paston's monument is of marble and has, in an alcove, the effigies of a woman on her knees before a desk: under her, six sons and two daughters on their knees.

"Many daughters have done virtuously but thou surpasses them all."

"Bridget, daughter and one of the heirs of John Paston, Esq., first wife of Edward Coke, Esq., attorney general, had issue by him, Edward, Robert, Arthur, John, Henry, Clement, Anne and Bridget: she deceased the 27 of June, Ao Dni. 1598."

On the summit it is decorated with a great shield: on the dexter side stands a shield with the arms of Coke, and on the sinister side the arms of Paston.

At the east end of the north wall is a beautiful altar monument, on which lies the effigy of Sir Edward Coke, in white marble, as a judge in his robes, under an arch supported by two black marble pillars: on the summit is a shield with the Coke quarterings; also the figures of the four cardinal virtues: Prudence, Justice, Patience and Fortitude. Motto: *Prudens qui patiens.*

There is an inscription in Latin and a Dedication, giving details of his virtues and many distinctions; his wives and their children; and recording his

"pious and Christian departure" at Stoke Poges, September 3, 1634, aged 83.

Bridget Coke appears to have had three daughters, one of whom must have died in infancy.—W. BUSRON, *Norwich.*

## BEE SWARMING

SIR,—With reference to letters appearing in your issue of September 4 regarding the striking of frying-pans and other metallic objects during the swarming of bees, I have always understood that, although country people considered this necessary in order to make the bees settle quickly and close at home, the real object was to inform the village community that a swarm was abroad and to advertise the identity of the owner, in case the swarm settled upon other people's property.

In my native village of Wherwell, on the middle reaches of the River Test, the beating of a frying-pan was usual about 50 years ago, but, with the advent of the wooden bar-framed hive, this practice gradually fell into disuse, and one bee-keeper in particular, who employed the old procedure, discontinued it when he introduced the new method of housing his bees.—W. SMITH, 76, *Sinclair Road, Kensington, W. 14.*

SIR,—The practice of making a noise to induce swarming bees to settle, referred to by a correspondent (September 4), is at least as old as Vergil. See *Georgics IV*, 62-66, where the bee-keeper is advised to scatter sweet-scented herbs and "raise a tinkling sound and shake the Mighty Mother's" (*i.e.* Cybele's) "cymbals round about. Of themselves will they settle on the scented resting-places; of themselves, after their wont will hide far within their cradling cells." (Fairclough's translation.) — JOHN HARRIS, *The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.*

SIR,—The practice of making a din by means of banging on a tin tea-tray by the bee-keeper when a swarm takes place had nothing to do with inducing the vagrant queen, and her following, to settle. It was simply the means adopted in the emergency by the owner of the bees to announce to all and sundry that his bees had swarmed and that he was following, and had not abandoned his ownership. In accordance with ancient custom the owner regarded such announced pursuit as entitling him to enter on any stranger's land, without such entry constituting an act of trespass, for the purpose of following and taking the swarm.

The whole matter has now been authoritatively dealt with by the judgment of the House of Lords (1939) in the case of *Kearry v. Patinson*, the purport of which is that bees when they leave the hive resume their status of creatures *ferae naturae* in which there can be no legal ownership; consequently the bee-keeper, should he follow the swarm, must not trespass on the land of another person in so doing.

Ownership in bees does not arise unless and until they are safely housed in a hive, and continues so long as they are actually within the confines of the hive.—G. W. COLENUIT, *Ryde, Isle of Wight.*

## SOLDIERS ON THE LAND

SIR,—Our local papers sometimes seem to over-stress various misdeemeanours committed by our own and Canadian troops. There seems

little mention of the amount of help they are giving to us on the land while pursuing their training.

Our own experience this year has been, I am sure, typical, and worth recording.

We are a large horticultural and agricultural estate and, naturally, extremely short-handed, having only a few older men and having to make do



A WINDSOR CHAIR FROM THE VICTORY  
(See letter "Two Nelson Chairs")

with semi-skilled and unskilled labour, including various children who have recently left school.

Just as we were up to our eyes in planting out tomatoes, etc., we were able to have the help of seven Canadians of the First Division, for a little over a week. To our grateful surprise they "tore the job up"! They dug and hoed and shovelled with alarming energy and complete good nature, and we all felt immensely cheered to see some of our most pressing problems being solved.

They were, they assured us, having a rest and were only too pleased to come out on a job. Most of them seemed to have some sort of farming experience and all were so fit and well that they were able to take over jobs with ease that would have



SIR EDWARD COKE'S TOMB AT TITTLESHALL  
(See letter "In Tittleshall Church")



taken us a good while to tackle. They also released us women for more suitable work which we could do quickly.

Only those who are doing the actual work can fully appreciate the amount of good these men did, for when it comes to agricultural work the onlookers do not see most of the game (they nearly always seem to notice you when you have just straightened your back for a much-needed blow!). Therefore I and my mates would like to say "Thank you!" and hope that the Canadians get a chance to tear up the enemy with the same gusto with which they tear up work.—ELIZABETH CROSS, *Tudor House, Selsey, Sussex.*

### GILLAROO AND SONNAGHAN

SIR,—I was especially interested to see what Major Jarvis wrote in a number now some weeks old (July 31) about gillaroo and sonnaghan. I am no biologist, and I had to read somewhat in haste, but I gathered that Major Crystal thinks they are the same fish. I should think it is just about as reasonable to think so as to think that a sole and a plaice are the same! The two kinds are just as different as can be and still be any sort of trout: the sonnaghan slim, and very dark along their backs, and the gillaroo very deep, and those lovely brilliant colours—but the sonnaghan are great fighters. I don't think they ever weighed very much. I should say 1 lb. or 1¼ lb. was about the biggest, though of course there are brown trout in North Ireland too which are sometimes large—I remember one of 8 lb. and one of 6¼ lb.

I have always heard that gillaroo are only in one other Irish lough, and I have never heard of them in Scotland, and never met anyone there who has.—L. E. S., *S.W.7.*

### PERAMBULATING STOCKS

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent who enquires in the August 28 issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* for the locale of portable or perambulating stocks besides the example at Much Wenlock, the town stocks at Colne, Lancashire, are of this type and, with accommodation for three offenders, were hauled through the streets of the town by a horse. They stand in the parish churchyard and are protected, though perhaps not very effectively, by a wooden erection, roofed, with supports at each corner.

May I also draw your readers' attention to another rare type, the "iron-spectacles" pattern which, affixed to the south side of the churchyard wall at Painswick, Gloucestershire, is one of only two of this kind in England.—MAROLD G. GRAINGER, *Leeds.*



PERAMBULATING STOCKS, COLNE, LANCASHIRE

### JACKO

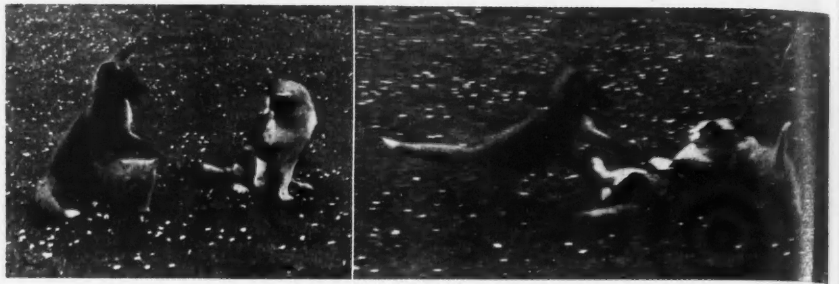
SIR,—Jacko was the most lovable, clever and amusing companion I have ever had. He arrived in a sack when very small, his eyes barely open, his coat still mole-coloured. I got out the baby's bottle and he went ahead from the start, soon learning to lap. Jacko's predecessor had been reared for three weeks by a Siamese cat. Then suddenly one night she turned cannibal and ate him; so I was taking no chances with Jacko.

His great passions in life were leather laces and buttons, the tortoiseshell cat you see in the photograph, and the most succulent of my young chickens. All of these he found quite irresistible even when the chickens were soaked in paraffin and filled with mustard.

As you see, he was on the best and most intimate terms with the cat and her kitten, and endless games were enjoyed wildly by them all. Equally he would play fearlessly with the hound shown in the other photograph. He was playful but wonderfully gentle with the children, whose toys, however, had a fearsome effect on him. He would rush into the nursery and dig in the toy cupboard until he found what he wanted, usually the most precious doll, then jump on to the sofa with it, growling all the while, hiding it first in one corner and then in the other, practically standing on his head and lashing his brush while doing so. He always made a morning round of the house in search of any shoes left within reach, out of which he removed and ate all the leather laces, finishing up with a visit to my writing-table where he emptied everything out of the pigeon-holes all over the floor. Then he curled up in the chair and went to sleep, waiting for me to come for the daily game of hide-and-seek round the furniture. In his less hilarious moments he adored being loved and scratched and would lie like a child on my knee while I petted him, eventually going into deep slumber.

He showed his pleasure at my presence by whining noises, violent wagging of his brush, and licking me. When chastised for any misdemeanour he would hang as if dead by the scruff of the neck, head hanging, tongue out and eyes closed. When released he would tear round full of himself.

Alas! one morning he was ill; the vet. was called without success, and he died. It was then discovered that he had eaten six leather buttons



JACKO WAS ON THE MOST INTIMATE TERMS WITH THE CAT AND HER KITTEN  
(See letter "Jacko")



JACKO HAS A RIDE

(See letter "Jacko")

off a friend's coat, and so one of his passions got the better of him. I miss his entrancing company more than I can say.—M. P. SELLAR, *Chetwode Grange, Buckinghamshire.*

### NOCTULE AND LEISTER'S BATS SHARE A HOLE

SIR,—On June 11 a small apple tree in a friend's orchard contained a nest of almost fully fledged young starlings in an old woodpecker's hole at a height of 7 ft. Two or three days later the starlings left and the hole was immediately occupied by 26 Noctule bats. The first evening that they were noticed, they started emerging at 10.30 p.m. directly the last rays of the sun had disappeared. The Noctule is supposed to feed for an hour at dusk and again about two to three hours later. At any rate, at 11.30 p.m. precisely the first of the bats returned to the hole. One could stand within 4 ft. of the tree and watch them, after much preliminary squeaking, nose dive from

the hole to gain impetus. They made a fine sight swooping over the grass, their reddish fur and purplish brown wings catching the last evening light.

Mr. H. Tetley, in charge of the Ornithological Section of Bristol Museum, went out to see the bat hole and found clinging to the outside of it a queer bat smaller than a Noctule and of the colour of a raincoat. It turned out to be a specimen of the rarer Leister's bat. When disturbed, it crawled towards the hole, the inference being that it was living with the Noctules.—REGINALD P. GAIT, 5, *Howard Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.*

[Leister's bat, *Nyctalus leisleri*, sometimes called the Hairy-armed bat, resembles the Noctule, of which it is a smaller edition. It is, however, somewhat darker above and lighter below than the Noctule. Though widely distributed on the Continent, it is reputed rare in the British Isles, but it is possible it is more frequent than is supposed, for it is easily confused with its larger relative.—Ed.]

### EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMMANDO RAIDS

SIR,—In these days of commando raids, it is worth while recalling the two carried out in the eighteenth century by Admiral Paul Jones, the Scottish gardener's son who became "Father of the American Navy." Both raids took place on April 23, 1778. The first landing was made at Whitehaven, where sailors and marines from the American frigate *Ranger* spiked the guns of the old fort after surprising and capturing the sleeping garrison. A few hours later another landing was accomplished on St. Mary's Isle, in Kirkcudbright Bay, the home of the Earl of Selkirk, whom Paul Jones intended to kidnap, no doubt to hold as a hostage to ensure good treatment for American prisoners of war in England. The Earl, however, was away from home, so the Scottish-born American admiral contented himself with the family plate. A few years afterwards Jones, at his own expense, returned the silver tea-service to Lady Selkirk with humble apologies. It is still to be seen in the lovely home of Sir Charles and Lady Hope-Denbar on St. Mary's Isle.—CYRIL R. ROBINSON, *Larkhill, Liverpool, 11.*



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(See letter "Perambulating Stocks")



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# DARTMOOR'S NEW FOREST

By T. C. BRIDGES

ALTHOUGH the dictionary assures us that the word "forest" does not imply land covered by trees, there is no doubt that most of Britain's forests were originally well wooded. Certainly Dartmoor was in turf cuttings along the Cherry Brook and elsewhere you can still see roots and trunks of the scrubby growth which at one time filled the valley up to about 1,200 ft. The tanners cut the trees to make charcoal for smelting their ore and cattle cropped the seedlings, so that presently there was nothing left but gorse and heather. People got the idea that trees would not grow on the moor, and there are tenements, centuries old, around which the ground is still as bare as on the day these houses were built. In the last century the Duchy and a few leaseholders did some planting. There are some trees around Tor Royal and Prince Hall and a melancholy plantation on the slope above Princetown Prison in which escaping convicts have from time to time found shelter. There was a considerable plantation of conifers above Dartmeet, most of which was cut during the last war. But the timber was hardly worth the hauling and certainly not worth the cost of the 8-mile telferage which was constructed from Dartmeet to Princetown station.

It has remained for the Forestry Commission to prove that trees will grow on Dartmoor. A great deal of planting has been done, but the most interesting is the Believer Section,

because this is high ground running up to 1,200 ft.

The area is 1,100 acres and is held on lease from the Duchy of Cornwall. Planting began in 1931, and up to date 900 acres have been afforested. This land lies along the south bank of the East Dart, between that river and the Cherry Brook. Four forest workers' holdings have been established. The poorer land has been planted and the better retained for cultivation. Obviously this latter will improve in value because of the shelter afforded by the growing trees. Wind, not cold, is the enemy on Dartmoor, and the difference made by a high hedge or belt of trees is almost incredible.

Varieties used for the new plantations are mainly Sitka spruce and Norway spruce, but belts of beech are used as nurseries for these, while conifers, pines, sycamore, thuya and Lawson's cypress are in sufficient quantities to break the monotony of the spruces. Also here and there the new plantations are edged with rhododendrons brought from the Quantocks. The ponticum does well in this peaty soil.

The forest is split by broad rides and here and there small brooks from springs run down the hillsides. When the trees have grown these brooks will no doubt become perennial instead of drying up in summer, as do many small waters on the open moor.

One block commemorates the coronation King George VI. Here large letters forming the initials "G. R." have been planted with

Lawsonii in a matrix of Sitka spruce. These will show up boldly from the air.

From Lakehead along the ridge to Believer Tor a broad belt has been left unplanted. This has been done by arrangement with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. The Tor and its surrounding land have not been planted, and the planting to the west of the Tor has been so arranged that it will never interfere with the view. Believer stands solitary and affords from its rock-piled summit one of the finest views on the whole Moor.

The Department of Ancient Monuments has also been consulted, and all prehistoric monuments, such as hut circles, remain unplanted, while lanes of approach have been left so that visitors may inspect them.

Now as to the actual planting of the little trees. The method employed is called turf-planting. The difficulty of making trees grow on moorlands is bound up with insufficient aeration of the soil. In turf-planting the young trees are set on mounds obtained by draining operations and they start slightly elevated above the surface.

Wherever possible, deep furrows are ploughed at 5-ft. intervals with a heavy double plough drawn by a tractor, and the trees are set on the ridge thrown out. Unfortunately much of the ground is too rocky to admit of this treatment; yet in every case proper drainage is the first care of those engaged in the planting.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# SOME ENCOURAGING TRANSACTIONS

BESIDES the usual score or so of successful auctions of farms in various parts of the country, the week has brought news of at least a couple of significant Scottish sales, and the good progress of negotiations or the acquisition of one of the larger freehold interests in London, but of the latter it is too soon to speak.

Country properties have been competed for with keen rivalry at auction, and it may be confidently asserted that there was never a better time in which to buy real estate.

## QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS FURNITURE

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY have just concluded the third session of the sale of the contents of Queen Anne's Mansions, Queen Anne's Gate. The sum realised in the four days was about £18,000, making a total for the three sessions of about £63,000. A session of four days will be held on the premises towards the end of the month, when the firm will offer thousands of lots of china, glass and plated ware (mostly by Elkington).

## SCOTTISH ACREAGES SOLD

MUCH of Loch Ness is comprised in the Balmacaan and Abriachan estates, which were to have been offered by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, but the firm announced that, on the eve of the auction, the land had been sold to an investment company. The 49,500 acres include the famous Glen Urquhart, and the ancient castle at Strone Point. The pictorial announcements by the agents in COUNTRY LIFE (for instance, on August 21, p. 347) stimulated an extraordinary amount of interest in the auction, and it is no secret that Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons and Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff were inundated with enquiries for particulars.

Another important Scottish estate, Tillyfour, famous for Aberdeen-Angus cattle, changed hands just before the auction, through Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. The 1,900 acres were sold by order of Mr. Donald Proctor. Tillyfour is forever associated with the name of William McCombie, M.P., whose cattle were inspected by Queen Victoria in the year 1867.

## AN EAST ANGLIAN OFFER

THE contrast between the prices at present asked for East Anglian residential properties and what would be demanded in a normal period is very striking. For some months after the outbreak of the war uncertainty as to compensation

for war damage interfered with dealings, not only in East Anglia but everywhere, and especially on the outskirts of coastal areas. That, at any rate, is a thing of the past, and what a well-known East Kent agent says of property in his district applies elsewhere, that "there is an attractive speculative element in picking up freeholds at present prices, either for eventual recovery of fuller value or for occupation." Queen Anne panelling and fireplaces and an adequate degree of modern fitting are features of a small house near Sudbury, which with 7 acres can be bought for £2,750, through the agency of Messrs. Bental, Horsley and Baldry. This firm has recently disposed of a large number of farms, very quickly indeed in the case of those which are available for immediate or early entry.

## WILL AN AUCTION BE NEEDED?

THE preparation of the detailed particulars of the Great Thurlow Hall estate is almost completed. In these days of depleted staffs the measurement of individual holdings, the apportionment of rents, and the ascertainment of terms of tenure and scores of other essential preliminaries, together constitute a task of forbidding magnitude. Day and night the work has gone on and, after the printers have set them up, the product of the investigations and consultations will doubtless prove to be a stout volume of details, with much of the 11,300 acres divided into lots. But the intention of the vendors, the late Mr. C. F. Ryder's executors, is to offer the estate in its entirety, then, failing a sale at once, to submit the central part of the property, approximately 8,150 acres, as one lot, and the rest of the estate in separate lots. If an auction has to be held, and this is not certain, seeing that the vendors reserve the right to entertain offers in advance, Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) on one session of the auction, and Mr. Jackson Stops at the other session, will wield the hammer.

## SEVENTY FARMS

THERE is, of course, one possibility—an announcement that the whole of the estate has passed to some new owner on the eve of the auction. Great Thurlow Hall is the type of property peculiarly suitable for some financially strong investing corporation to acquire as it stands. With such an acreage to play with a single owner could make a few changes, which need not impair the interests of any sitting tenants, with a view to a large measure of mechanised cultivation. But whether that method is adopted or the holdings left substantially as they are, the assurance of a substantial annual income is there, and the present

comparatively low prices of land within a few miles of the Suffolk coast afford an added encouragement to potential purchasers at least to look well into the merits of the property as an investment. It is seldom that 70 farms and smallholdings, 260 cottages, two or three first-rate large residences, and 1,000 acres of woods, containing a great quantity of matured timber, can be bought in a single deal.

## THE PRIVATE BUYER'S OPPORTUNITIES

CAPTAIN J. W. W. BRIDGES'S Somerset estate, Croydon Hall, near Minehead, is one of the many properties shortly to be brought under the hammer, and, like most of those announced for sale, it can be negotiated for privately beforehand. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the vendor's agents, and the resident agent is Mr. J. W. Butler. The firm offers houses, mostly modern, with from 2 to 6 acres, within easy reach of London, and older but nicely fitted houses with a few acres may be had, for example, one in 4 or 5 acres, 10 miles from Salisbury, on the Dorset border. The grounds are intersected by a trout stream.

A very pretty Tudor house, on which a large sum has been spent in restoration, in 30 acres of freehold pasture and arable, in the vicinity of Leith Hill, is one of Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor's propositions. Another is a comfortable old farmhouse, on the fringe of St. Leonard's Forest, not far from Three Bridges, and it might be let furnished.

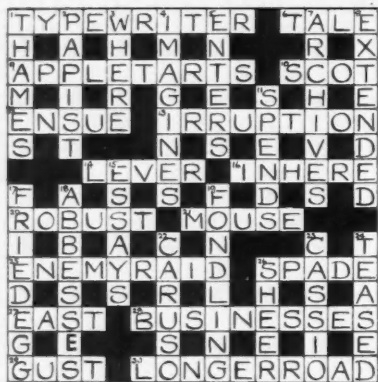
Scope for the interesting, and not necessarily very costly, experiment of restoration and enlargement, is seen in a Queen Anne house, which, with 200 acres, may be bought through Messrs. Winkworth and Co. Like so many other fine old houses, this one, designed by Wyatt in the year 1790, is requisitioned. The freehold extends to 420 acres, but the house could be taken with only 100 acres. It is 26 miles from Marble Arch, near a main line station in Hertfordshire. Another but small old house, thoroughly well modernised, and in only an acre or so, awaits a bid through Messrs. Nicholas.

Prices are quoted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons for some of the modern country houses in their list. The firm acts with Messrs. Chas. Osenton and Co. in the contemplated sale of a Dorking freehold of 12 acres, for £7,000. In current conditions the existence of a productive orchard is an additional attraction of the property. For £4,000 an Elizabethan house and over an acre, in mid-Kent, can be bought, or, with some of the furniture, the house would be let at £215 a year.

ARBITER.

## SOLUTION to No. 659

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 11, will be announced next week.



The winner of Crossword No. 658 is  
Mrs. E. M. Fleetwood,  
Greeting St. Mary Rectory,  
Ipswich.

## ACROSS

1. Where to find the telephonists' keys (12)
9. "Tip a plate" (anagr.) (9)
10. Confused cadet (5)
11. Apparently he has an outsize head (6)
12. Epithet for Daddy and Mummy (8)
13. Sluggish (6)
15. Church entry on which the setting sun shines (two words, 4, 4)
18. Tenderly succeeding an ancient city? (8)
19. Cleanser (6)

# CROSSWORD

## No. 660

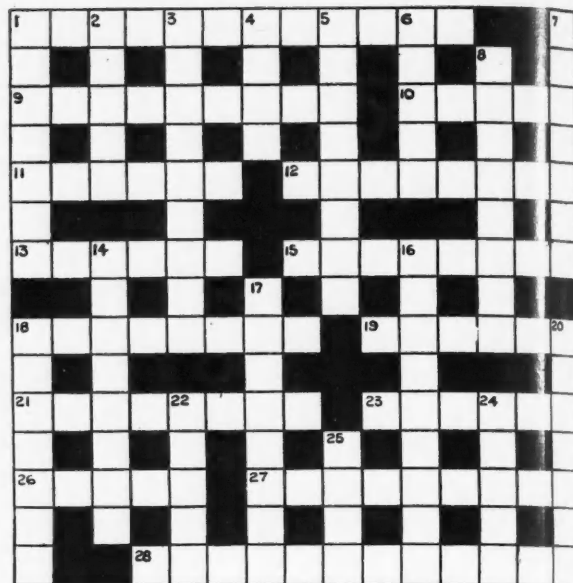
21. It rather suggests our headgear has legs! (two words, 3, 5)
23. Fishes (on thin ice?) (6)
26. Juliet had one (5)
27. "Tries oxen" (anagr.) (9)
28. In a word, verges (two words, 5, 7)

## DOWN

1. Take supper at the harbour (7)
2. Admit by reversing the syllables, but it gets inside anyway (5)
3. Standard (9)
4. One of three for Goldilocks (4)
5. "Sea grave" (anagr.) (8)
6. What a ducky Admiral! (5)
7. He plays a violin (7)
8. Halts (8)
14. Clearly, the correct limb (two words, 5, 3)
16. This cheat is no conjuror (9)
17. The serf gets muddled about land noted in the last war (8)
18. What the villain does, perhaps, in the Victorian novel (7)
20. Rests is the word? No (7)
22. Give it to her well-mixed (5)
24. Put on stockings after tea (5)
25. "Here, in this place, 'I'll set a bank of rue, sour — of grace.'—Shakespeare (4)

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 660, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, September 24, 1942.**

## "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 660



Name.....

Address.....

## Help us to help our Merchant Seamen

From Monday, October 12, to Saturday, October 31, Harrods of Knightsbridge have patriotically staged an Exhibition showing the world-wide work of the British Sailors' Society. The Society looks after the men who bring your food and supplies at the risk of their lives.

In this Exhibition will be a GIFT SHOP. The proceeds from everything sold in this GIFT SHOP will go to the support of our work amongst our sailors.

Can you spare us a saleable gift? Write to the Metropolitan Organiser, Mrs. Aylmer Probyn Maude, 90, Cranmer Court, S.W.3, or to Mrs. Dunlop Kidd, the Organising Secretary, 680, Commercial Road, E.14. If necessary we can arrange transport.

The British Sailors' Society urgently needs funds to enable it to carry out its vital work throughout the world.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN and H.M. QUEEN MARY.

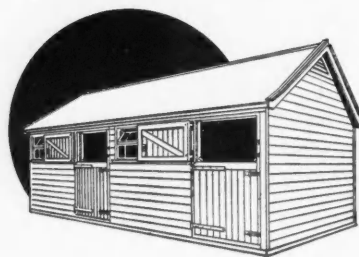


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General Secretary:

Lieut.-Commander GEOFFREY WEBB, R.N. (Retd.).



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*Coming Sir!*  
**THIN or**  
**THICK**  
*Sir?*

Don't worry if the joint's "gone west,"  
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 A boon to all who like good fare.

**NEW CONTROLLED PRICES:—**  
**THIN** - - - - - 11d. and 1/3d.  
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**Supplies limited—use sparingly.**

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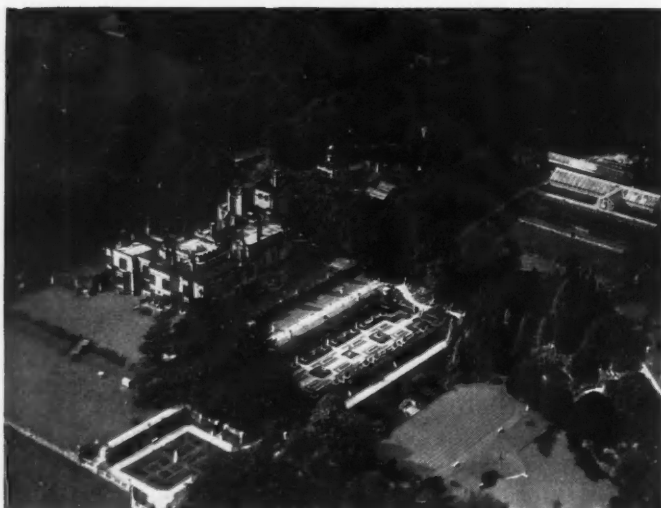


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## NEW BOOKS

# THE LAST KING OF ENGLAND

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MISS JANE LANE'S book *King James the Last* (Dakers, 12s. 6d.) might more fittingly have been called "James the Last King," for the author's contention is that with the passing of James II kingship ended in Britain. She invites us "to start with an open mind," to realise that "the original nature of kingship has been lost in the fog of three centuries of a different form of government," and to go back to the time when the land was governed "quite literally and truly by one man."

The last man so to govern (though his prerogative was sadly diminished) was James II. "There is not to be discussed here," says Miss Lane, with a belief in her own impartiality which her pages do not justify, "which is the better form of government; it is merely a question of discovering, first, what was government before 1688, and, secondly, why in that year such government collapsed for good."

But, alas for human intention! Every writer has his bias. Dr. Johnson once said that had he been a parliamentary reporter he would have taken care "that the Whig dogs got the worst of it"; and assuredly the Whig dogs get the worst of it from Miss Lane's pen. Unuttered, but implicit all through, is a deep admiration for absolute monarchy, a profound admiration for James himself, and a contempt for both the men and the methods that drew the linchpin out of the pretensions of kings by divine right.

How seriously we can take a writer sometimes seems to me to depend on his reliability in little things. In Miss Lane's book I find again and again a phrase dropped casually and by the way which some might hurry over but which brought me up with a jolt. Here are some of them. "All through the weak reigns of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth..." The weak reign of Elizabeth? I could understand a writer attacking Elizabeth hip and thigh from a dozen angles, but to dismiss her whole reign as "weak" seems to me fantastic.

Then we are told of James: "From earliest youth all his sympathies had lain with Protestantism; the father he adored had died for that creed." That Charles I's death was a defence of Protestantism is certainly, as the vulgar say, a new one on me.

### THE PERSECUTIONS

Speaking of the state of England after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, which enriched so many new people, Miss Lane says: "Here is the secret of all the persecution which was to follow: the fear of the *nouveaux riches* for the safety of their stolen fortunes." This is, at best, only a half explanation. It fails to explain the

persecutions on the other side. On both sides religious fanaticism was not. And there was also the bed-rock fact that Catholic recusants at that time were, as Mr. A. L. Rowse has pointed out in *Tudor Cornwall*, fifth columnists. The recusants, says Mr. Rowse,

were taught by their priests that "if any Catholic prince were to invade a country to reclaim it to Rome, all Catholics should be ready to aid and assist the invader."

Things were not quite so simple and clear-cut in virtue or villainy as Miss Lane again and again assumes. But let us now present the main body of her argument. It is that at one time

the King's power was supreme, resting not only on the consent of the governed but also on his possession of immense private revenue. She lists the sources from which the revenue came, and they are formidable. But there was a lot to be done with it. "He must pay official salaries, build ships, supply arms and pay soldiers in war, make and repair fortresses, pay for all national institutions, and maintain his household. His income was the income of the nation, which nation was represented by this one man." The essential point to grasp is that this income was not derived from taxation, as we understand that word to-day.

### PAY AND SPEAK

The next point is that this income, immense as it was, was sometimes not enough. Occasions arose when extra revenue was needed—occasions such as prolonged wars; and then those who might be expected to help the King were called together. That is how Parliament began. But now things begin has little to do, in the wide sweep of human affairs, with how they end. It is almost childish for Miss Lane to protest: "Any other function which Parliament might later take to itself would be foreign to its foundation, contrary to the reason for its existence, and illegal." After all, if you don't want cats, you shouldn't keep kittens.

It was only natural that those who paid up expected to be allowed to speak up. Then came the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and whatever may be said about the rights and wrongs of that, one fact of profound historical importance emerged. This vast source of revenue did not remain in royal hands. It would have fortified enormously the royal position; but quick returns were needed; the property was split up and sold to many buyers; and so there came into being new recruits to that army who might be called on to help the royal "extra revenue." This, of course, would only be done at a price.

The point is that royalty could less and less be supported by the private income and was increasingly



dependent on those who had money to lend: a process which inevitably led to new claims on the part of Parliament, and which reached its climax during the reigns of the Stuarts. James himself was well aware of this. Again and again when it was sought to exclude him from the succession because he had turned Catholic, he declared that what Parliament was aiming at was not religion but monarchy. He was certainly right in so far as one means absolute monarchy as it had been till then understood.

The importance of Miss Lane's book is that it causes us to review once more in our own minds the meaning of the basis of human governance. Whether the absolute monarch, even in his hey-day, was as absolute as all that may be doubted. His power had to be supported, and the strong men who supported it knew what they might do. That government by one should broaden out into government by Oligarchy, or Parliament, or what you will, must be accepted as in the nature of the case, even though this method has its weaknesses and vices, like any other.

#### THE MODERN TENDENCY

We are confronted to-day with the choice of widening the basis still further or of going back to Government by One, call him King or Leader, or anything else. The resistance to the Leader-principle shows the modern tendency of the human spirit. Mr. Wells has recently written: "The fundamental issue of the world conflict is the banishment of mastery and ownership from the whole world"; and from America comes the voice of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks: "We must not lower to the slave mind, or exalt to the master-mind, but raise to the classless human mind."

The departure of James II from these shores was not the end of a book: it was the end of a chapter; and it does not yet appear what words the future may write.

Mr. G. L. Steer's *Sealed and Delivered* (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s.) is the story of what propaganda did to help in putting Haile Selassie back on the throne of Ethiopia.

Mr. Steer, who was in Addis Ababa as a journalist when the Italians entered the town, "never weakened," as he says, "in my stupid conviction that I would one day see Great Britain, redeeming her failure of 1935-6, establish in the watery mountains and great divides of Ethiopia the restoration in prototype of the liberties of the globe."

#### PROPAGANDA IN ETHIOPIA

He not only lived for this but worked for it, and when the Emperor left England by air for the Sudan, Mr. Steer was one of those who accompanied him. He gives us here a full and frank account of the propaganda methods used by himself and his colleagues to hearten the Abyssinians and depress the Italians. They were often, he says, "criticised for ungentlemanliness and crudeness in our treatment of the enemy, but our answer was that the Ethiopian would not be able to define the colours in his old school tie."

About 5 per cent. of the Italian colonial army and of the patriots were literate, and the pamphlets were aimed at these. "This is the ideal field for printed propaganda, for two reasons: the printed word inspires more confidence the less one is used to it; the literate in a semi-literate society is a sounding-board, for he wishes to exhibit his literacy."

A certain cynical appreciation of human character clearly went into Mr. Steer's work, and he exclaims frankly: "Let no one tell me the nonsense that battle propaganda must be strictly true." He applies to the present situation in Europe the propaganda lessons he learned in Ethiopia; and, incidentally, he gives us some fine pictures of the leading persons in the drama and of the final scene of triumph in Addis Ababa.

#### HUMANIST v. PEDANT

Mr. T. R. Glover's *The Challenge of the Greek* (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.) contains an illuminating phrase: "There is great delight in it, and therefore education."

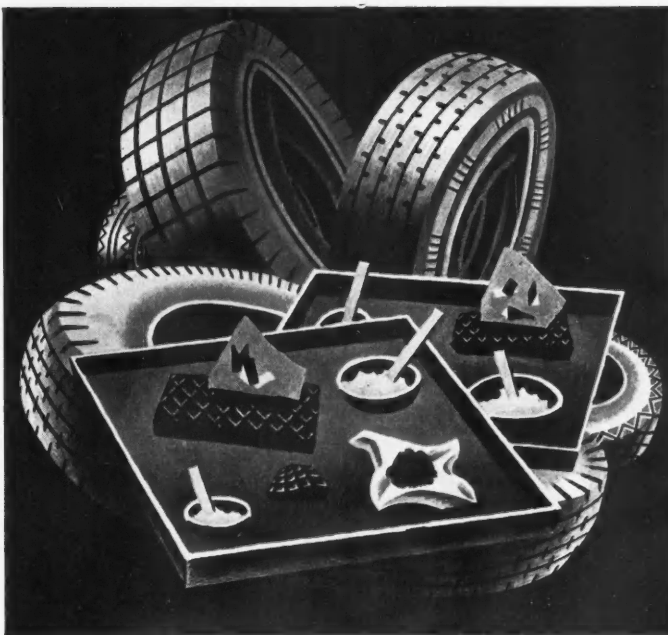
That is the voice of a humanist in protest against the pedants, and all through the book, which is a collection of essays, runs the same note of insistence: that great writers write to be read, not to be pulled into little pieces by grammarians and philologists. He regards examinations in literature with distrust—"for surely literature is a subject on which it is almost impossible to examine." I would drop the almost.

Mr. Glover's book is a justification of his own views. Clearly he has loved these Greeks and enjoyed their works and ways; and as he talks now of their writing, now of their farming, fishing and games, he brings before us not abstractions but living beings. "The man," he says, "is far more even than the best he gives us," and his plea that we should so know and assimilate great writers that they become living presences, affecting our own lives, is a timely counterblast to so much teaching which does not get beyond "periods" and "influences" and all the other stuffy inessentials of "literature classes."

#### THE LAKES

THERE may be people of the type for whom vastness has a value apart from any other quality, who do not become, at sight, admirers of the English Lake Country and grow to love it more at every visit. After all, these noble mountains, these terrible crags and long dreaming ranges, these lakes, wide and wind-blown or narrow and secret dark waters, are all spread over a few square miles of England. In actual measurements, compared with the Alps or Himalayas they are minute, but that the beauty of that miniature is well-nigh perfect few who know the Lakes will deny. Now, when travel difficulties and the voice of conscience keep so many away from them, *Lakeland Holiday* (Chapman and Hall, 18s.) by Mr. W. A. Poucher, comes with especial charm, for here are page after page of splendid photographs of Lake Country scenes perfectly reproduced and described in concise and simple language which leaves them to make their own appeal. With wisdom and originality Mr. Poucher has mingled strange, wild and glorious scenes such as his great picture of the unique scree of Wast Water with others of homely, typical Lakeland farms and cottages and some most beautiful ones of reeds and water lilies wind-blown on Ell Tarn and of crags that delight the climber, with simple pastoral scenes. The book tugs at the heart of the Lakeland-lover, but also shows him lovely things he has not—unless he is very well acquainted—already seen, and fills him with happy hopes for days to come.

## MEASURED TREAD



**R**UBBER is today a munition of war as well as a domestic necessity. It is as much an essential for air force or mechanised army as petrol, but no less than 90 per cent. of the world's supply of natural rubber is grown in countries now in Japanese hands. If the national effort is not to suffer, there must be the strictest economy in every use of rubber, from motor tyres to hot-water bottles. Old rubber must be collected as systematically as old iron. While we use our tyres carefully and send those worn hose-pipes to the salvage collector, we can be sure that the chemical industry is also working to help solve the rubber problem. First, the organic branch of the industry is engaged on the discovery, improvement and production of chemicals for one purpose or another. Secondly, the chemical industry is concentrated on developing the manufacture of synthetic rubbers of different types from common raw materials such as coal and oil. The Necessity of War will be the Mother of Invention. Research in the laboratory will enable chemical workers to produce a variety of synthetic rubbers, each having properties suited for one or more specific uses. May not the future of rubber lie in the laboratory and the factory instead of in the plantation?



No. 5 in the "Services of an Industry" series

issued by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

# Office Uniform



The twin set is office uniform for the colder weather. It is cashmere, neat as a new pin, with pockets at the top and a high fastening to the cardigan. In many shades, from Romanes and Paterson.

THE tailored clothes of this season, the small neat checks and the sober heather mixtures, are the type of thing that has always been worn by the women with executive positions in big business. They are exactly right for the many women who are working now in the offices of Government departments and factories all over the country. The business woman has evolved her own uniform, and a very smart one. She has to look trim, fresh and efficient; her contribution to the fashion stage before the war was an outstanding success, and she influenced in the most definite way the clothes of the hundreds of girls who worked under her all over the country. Now their number has multiplied and orthodox styles are more important than ever.

First and foremost in the office wardrobe ranks the suit—the kind of suit that looks right at eight o'clock in the morning, and equally right at eight o'clock at night for dinner after the office. There are a hundred thousand such suits this autumn, each one a symbol of the simple, practical kind of life we are living in war-time. The reedlike skirts, the only line possible under the yardage regulations, have had the effect of creating an easier looking fitting for the jacket, which is cut on the lines of a man's. The tight, belted, exaggerated waistline has gone. It looks top-heavy over the slim skirt. Skirts remain at about the same length, but being tighter they tend to look slightly shorter. The two pockets are placed both below the waist, or one above, and one below on the opposite side.

A great many of the suits are in shades of grey, in men's plain speckled suitings, in flannel, in herring-bone tweed. Checks are inevitably tiny and tend to have only one bright tone in the colour scheme. A navy and oatmeal tweed will have a bright blue, two browns, a canary yellow. The day of a dozen mixed colours has departed. Yokes are in fashion. They allow the material to be used in different ways, and can be linked up in the design effectively with the two pockets. Plain tweed suits tend to come in dark rich colours, such as crimson, russet brown, a dark green, and a blue that is the same tint as a gentian, but much deeper in tone. Any amount of grey flannels are going to be worn all through the winter. They are extremely smart under the camel coloured coats, with pigskin accessories. These grey flannels are cut with a more fitting waistline than the tweeds, have two flat pockets placed below



Scotts's new sailor with a nicked crown that gives a becoming breadth, and a brim that is squared on one side and rounded on the other.

For the office worker—in austerity suit designed by Nicoll Clothes in check and suiting, navy with bright blue and white, with a blue open-necked shirt, a navy hat and pigskin accessories.





# Gorringes

## Coats for Autumn



"Hockliff"  
Practical Swagger—the  
ever popular style in fur  
faux with warm wool  
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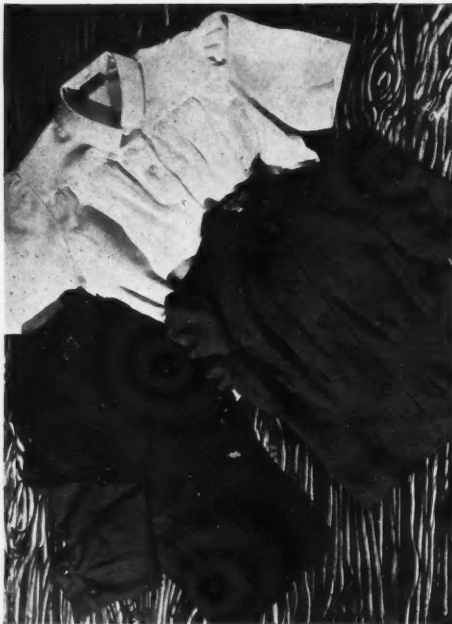
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the waist, button from a high rever to the waist, are collarless so that they lie flat under the top coat. If they were not so impeccably tailored they might be of the type called a "Dressmaker" suit, that is, a soft suit of the cardigan variety that does not look man-tailored. The only decoration allowed on these suits is the saddle stitching that Hardy Amies has popularised. This is the sort of outfit that has always been worn by women with executive positions in America and England, and looks smart and business-like in any place, any time.

The best coat for the office girl is the kind that is being shown everywhere this winter. It is a modified trench-coat, that is, a coat that is easy to slip on, has a simple turn-down collar, generally a belt and big armholes. It is made in herring-bone tweeds, in pilot cloth, in warm, fleecy pure woollens like a camel cloth, above all in camel cloth itself. The same thing is also being made in flat furs of all descriptions, which are tailored like cloth and given the same tailored turn-down collar and plain sleeves. The only difference is that there is generally no belt to the furs and less fullness about the waist.

**A**CCESSORIES are as simple as the suits and coats. Blouses are tailored like a man's, are made in pebble crêpes, in Vivella, shantung, and fine woollens of all descriptions. Many have stiffened collar and cuffs, and pleats and yokes in front. The nicest office shirt of all, perhaps, is a crisp white piqué such as the one we have photographed from Lillywhites, with a stiffened collar. This is a Utility shirt, and costs only 21s. 5d. Cardigan sweaters that button to the throat with turn-down collars are being bought heavily; so are the classic twin sets in cashmere, absolutely plain, the warmest thing on the market, and marvellous value for ten coupons. These twin sets and sweaters are in many colours—navy, tans, and all the corals, cherry and rose reds, and crimsons seem the best—and are cheerful without being gaudy. The smartest shoes are still the brightish pigskin brown ones, either laced or court, or made with a Cromwellian tongue and buckle. There are ribbed stockings that wear and look well in fine wools, wool and rayon mixtures and entirely in rayon. They are made in all the sober suit shades as well as in startling colours, which can look well, even in an office, teamed with just the right beret, scarf and coiffure. But they need to be worn with discretion. Tan looks newest with the many greys, and is especially good if you have a brown fur coat to wear over your grey suit later on in the winter.

The tailored frock in wool has dropped its turn-down collar in many cases and is now made with two little revers which have a crimp white piqué facing that can be taken out and washed. This is the perfect office frock. It is still most popular of all in grey, in men's suitings or tweed stockinette. These dresses often match a jacket, and then they are tailored as severely as slacks. In brighter colours they are more dressy, and in a coupon wardrobe are more adapted for out-of-the-office than in-the-office.

P. JOYCE  
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The neatest shoe for the tailored suit. A calfskin with a Cuban heel and the accessory shade of the winter, brightish pigskin brown. Fortnum and Mason.

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## HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

## WHAT IS A HEALTHY DIET?

Before the war many people suffered from malnutrition because they picked the wrong foods from large and varied supplies. Now, the way to be well fed is to make sure of picking the right foods which are still available, even though supplies may be restricted.

Keep a few good sound principles well in mind. *Natural foods are the best*—vegetables contain important vitamins and become plentiful from time to time; National Wheatmeal bread has many valuable elements which were lacking in white bread; milk is available for children, who need it most. Fish liver oil—another natural food—contains the protective and bone-forming vitamins and is an essential supplement to everyone's diet, whether grown-ups or children.

The newspapers, the B.B.C. and the Ministry of Food are constantly publishing excellent recipes. You will find it pays you well to follow them. Diet should be varied if you are to make the best use of it.

Think carefully about food selection. It is well worth your while.

*This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of*

### CROOKES'

HALIBUT LIVER OIL



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## Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

Her name is Stella and she has a naughty look in her eye. What a pity the camera cannot give you an idea of her colouring! That hair is titian—you know, red gold filled with glinting sunshine, while her little round face is like apple blossom. Friends ask: "Where did she get that glorious hair and that lovely complexion?" And Mother says: "Her hair is like her Grandma's, her complexion—well, I take care of that—Pears Soap and clear water every day—the secret of preparing to be a beautiful lady."

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## LESS TRAFFIC

## may not mean LESS RISK...

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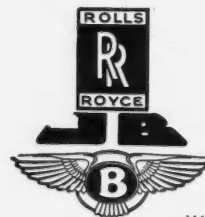
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